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No.

PRIZE BIOGRAPHY.

GEORGE WYTHE.—BY J. L. LEWIS, JUN.

It is a remark of that elegant writer, Dr. Knox, that the law reminded one of a Gothic edifice, which time had consecrated, and to which, although it was irregular and misshapen, no one would think of giving a modern cast. This remark seems to be true in every particular, and the observer is induced to exclaim with the poet, "How reverend seems the face of this tall pile." The solemnity and awe which fills the mind, upon contemplating the structure, is naturally conveyed to its ministers, and the respect and admiration with which we look upon a dignified and upright judge, is a surer protection than all the panoply of his guards and attendant ministers. We hang upon his accents as upon the breathings of an oracle; and we regard his frowns and rebuke as more terrific than the lightnings and thunder of the fabled Jupiter. The guardian of our dearest rights, and the dispenser of equal and exact justice, has a claim upon our affections, which obloquy cannot shake, nor jarring passions obliterate; and we regard him rather as an indulgent parent, than one elevated above us by official station. Of all the patriots of the revolution, pure and incorruptible as they were, and venerated as they may have been, there is no one who has juster or stronger claims upon our esteem, than the upright, impartial and venerable Chancellor Wythe, the Aristides of America, in whose breast there glowed, not only the warmest and most disinterested love of his country, but the purest philanthropy. The father of the orphan, the protector of the widow, and the guardian of the helpless. By virtue of his office, he entered as warmly into their concerns as if there had been a nearer and dearer tie and bond of union between them; and none applied to him for relief whose just claims were denied. The blessings of the people smoothed the decline of the patriarch, and added softness to his nightly pillow.

George Wythe, the Chancellor of Virginia, was born in that state, in the year 1726, of a respectable but not affluent family, and was nurtured in the very lap of science; for his mother has been represented to be a lady possessed of uncommon endowments and strength of mind—one who watched, not only over the physical, but the moral improvement of her child, and who regarded his advancement in knowledge, with all the tender solicitude of a mother. Her mind was one of no common order; she infused its strength and vigor into his, and gave a practical commentary on the advantages of female education more striking than the precepts of a volume. She habituated herself to converse fluently with him in the Latin language, and he might be said to be a classical scholar from his very cradle. Beyond this, however, he had few of those advantages which the students and illustrious men of the old world have possessed, and which our thousand literary institutions now present;—his education was limited to reading, writing, and a knowledge of arithmetic. His earliest friend, and guide and instructor, his mother, died in his boyhood, and George Wythe, before he had attained his majority, was destitute and an orphan. Without a friend to direct his steps or to counsel him as to the course he should pursue, it is not surprising that he should have plunged into all the vices and dissipation of youth. But a mind like his could not always be obscured by this moral darkness; and the sparkling of the diamond could still be perceived despite the surrounding rubbish. At the age of thirty the chains which had bound him were broken, the sleeper was awakened from his slumbers, and he was a regenerate and disenthralled man. By intense and close application to study he redeemed the time which he had wasted, but he never ceased lamenting the loss of the most valuable and useful part of his life. He mastered the Greek and Latin languages without an instructor, and applied himself to the study of the law, in the office of a Mr. Lewis, whose daughter he subsequently married. His professional career was marked by all those ennobling traits which distinguish the man of judgment, talents and integrity, and his rise at the bar was steady and sure. He never could admire that feeling which prompted the skilful advocate to defend an unjust cause, and he was never enlisted on the side of dishonesty or baseness. So punctually scrupulous was he on this point, that he would choose to either hear the testimony of witnesses himself, or to take the affidavit of his client to the truth of his story. Those were days of Arcadian simplicity and innocence, when might could not prevail over justice, nor the strong arm of the oppressor, nor the wily cunning of the knave defeat its ends. Without wishing to cast an imputation on a profession which is loaded with much undeserved reproach and stale slander, it is to be wished that such was the now prevailing state of things, and that lawyers should be a little more scrupulous in espousing the causes of their clients, without being satisfied that their claims were just or their pleas meritorious. They would render themselves the guardians of the spirit of the laws which they profess to expound; the conservators of the public tranquility, and the promoters of human happiness. Mr. Wythe took an early and an active stand in the difficulties with the mother country, and though he swayed not the thunderbolt, nor wielded the shafts of vengeance, yet the cool calm steadiness and firmness of Wythe achieved, what the impetuosity of Henry could never accomplish. Yet his whole soul was with the cause in which he was enlisted, and though emphatically a "man of peace," yet he was active in raising a company of volunteers to assist in guarding his country's right, and associated with his illustrious

friend and pupil, Jefferson, he boldly stood forth the advocate of liberty and freedom. But it was not the destiny of Wythe to fight his country's battles. Previous to the war he was chosen where his services were most needed, and the weight of his influence was most deeply felt, to the legislature of his native state, of which dignified and illustrious body he was a most efficient member, and was chosen speaker of the house of Burgesses, the duties of which station were discharged, as might be expected, from a man of his exalted character. The day of trial at length arrived, and Mr. Wythe was deputed to Congress, and was one of that immortal body who declared themselves "free and independent," and one who sanctioned the high minded pledge which they gave to the world with his name. In November, of that memorable year, he was appointed to the task as one of the committee of revising the laws of Virginia. The manner in which that committee discharged the trust is emblazoned on the pages of our nation's history, as it struck a deep blow at the root of those aristocratical institutions which were then our inheritance, and promoted essentially the cause of liberty and equal rights throughout the world; and it is engraven on the tomb-stone of one of that committee, as the highest tribute which can be paid to his memory, that he was "author of the statutes for religious freedom in Virginia." They abolished the right of primogeniture, converted estates tail into fee simple, and gave the first impetus to those changes which destroyed the dominions of the monarchs of the old world in America forever. In June, 1779, they completed their labors, and although they failed in their proposed system of education and amelioration of the code of punishment, yet their services will ever be felt and gratefully remembered. Under the new system, Mr. Wythe was appointed a Judge of equity, and subsequently Chancellor, which office he filled till his death, in June, 1806. So limited was his salary during the greater period of that time, that he was forced to accept of the law professorship in William and Mary college, to increase the means of livelihood; for it could not be supposed that he who had never fattened on the spoils of iniquity, nor shared in the plunder of the unwary and unsuspecting, should be rich. He was a member of the Virginia convention, which adopted the federal constitution, and to which he gave his warm support, and he twice presided over the college of electors and gave a republican vote. It being once his fortune to vote for his former pupil and steady friend, Thomas Jefferson.

Such is a succinct and brief account of the life and services of George Wythe. But let not the historian here drop the pen. It is the province of the biographer, not merely to detail facts, but to furnish examples worthy of imitation, and the example of Wythe is rich with instruction. We mark his promising boyhood and rejoice in the brilliancy of the prospect. Sterner manhood arrives, the aspect is dreary, and the brow is clouded with sorrow. The rising sun of genius, which gave promise of a glorious day, is enshrouded in gloom. But the soul cannot rest in this torpor; it aspires to a higher and better state of existence. He burst the bonds which confined him, and achieved a more triumphant victory than that of any conqueror: it was a victory over himself—it was the triumph of the intellect over the passions—a triumph which elevated him at once from the depths of sorrow and degradation, to the station which he so proudly and ably filled. It is such victories which raise the standard of human character and exalts one above the common herd. An Alexander may prevail by means of mere physical superiority; but the self-conqueror deserves a like crown of laurels, and a yet higher meed of praise, for his are more fierce, persevering and relentless enemies—his own vices and faults. Bitterly as he lamented the loss and misapplication of his earlier years, yet his close and persevering attention to the business of his profession, and his exemplary and useful life, redeemed his earliest faults and follies. To the young man, who too eager in the pursuit of pleasure, has contracted dissipated habits, the story of Wythe is all worthy of imitation. He may, by one vigorous effort—one exertion of his will, become an ornament to society. No one enjoyed a more unblemished reputation, and to his plain and abstemious manners and inward peace of mind, may be attributed his green old age and his long and continued usefulness. As a man of benevolent and philanthropic feelings, Howard himself scarcely surpassed our distinguished American—and it was his constant endeavor to alleviate human sufferings, and promote human happiness. As the constant friend of the blacks, the highest judicial officer of Virginia did not disdain to become their instructor—and it is related of him that he taught a colored boy in his family, the Greek language. But it is on the discharge of his duties as a judge and chancellor that the solid basis of his reputation is founded, and he stands in that respect upon an eminence to which we look up with feelings of admiration and veneration. Elevated above the storms and tempests to which the lives of great men are too often subject, he stood like the snow capped peak of some lofty mountain, an object of profound respect and attention, superior to earth and emulous of its native Heaven. He sought not the praise of men, nor the empty applause of the crowd, but seemed only intent upon rendering to every man that which was his due. The guilty trembled at the bar of his judgment seat, and the innocent rejoiced in a protector powerful, more by the weight of an unimpeachable character, than by the law's array with which he was surrounded. When he pronounced judgment, none murmured at his decisions, for their judge was inflexibly just. Although surpassed by many other legal worthies in facility and dispatch of business, yet he heard patiently, and decided promptly and correctly, and seemed anxious to have

nothing unheard that would elicit truth. He was no friend to that ingenuity which would "make the worst appear the better cause," nor to genius which would sell itself for base purposes. In his charges and fees he was more moderate than a due attention to his own interests required, and he was never known to accept a solitary cent while at the bar for any service beyond the ordinary and legal costs. He was, indeed, the model of a just judge—one, to use the language of an impassioned orator "before the splendor of whose genius and virtues men bowed with respectful deference." The annals of the old world may produce judges of equal sanctity of character, but none so happy in his life and death. His memory is dear indeed to the profession, and it is firm as the adamantine rocks which surround our country.

Pen Yan, N. Y.

POPULAR TALES.

THE CONSPIRACY DETECTED.—BY M. MATTSO.

Dom Bernardo was by birth a Spaniard. In his youth he was indulged in every luxury that could be procured by his affluent parents; still he preferred a wandering and irregular life. He was at last driven from the protection of his father; and with this mark of parental dislike fixed upon him forever, he sought refuge with a company of banditti who horded in the mountains of the Austrias. With his new associates he remained but a short period. A dialogue between him and one of the lawless hidalgos was the cause of their separation. He left them, however, with a character for bravery that few among them had acquired.

A few years subsequent to this period, we find Dom Bernardo the captain of a piratical cruiser. His depredations, at first, were committed chiefly along the Mediterranean; but, at last, he honored the shores of America with his formidable presence. Many efforts were made to secure his person, but they all proved abortive. While pursuing his dangerous profession, he was never seen a second time, by any other than his crew, in the same apparel. Thus he eluded the ministers of justice.

Dom Bernardo's vessel had been dashed against a rock during a severe storm in the Gulf of Mexico, and his crew, one and all, perished, while he was preserved to fill a darker gloom, by clinging to a fragment of the wreck. He was taken up by some fishermen; and after partaking their hospitality for several days, he set out on his way to New Orleans. In this city he had a confidential agent to whom he had consigned a large portion of his funds.

It was at this time that the pirate thought of changing his mode of life. He fancied he had become disgusted with the scenes of blood and slaughter through which he had passed. The secret of all this, however, was that he had fallen desperately in love with a handsome young lady whom he met at the house of his agent. The worthy Dom could not altogether resist the influence of love. He began to sigh, and as a necessary concomitant, to read poetry; but this romance of feeling was destined to be of short duration. Scarcely two months had elapsed before the lady, of whom he had become so deeply enamored, was the partner of his passions. In the society of his young bride he enjoyed a happiness he little expected to have realized. In her absence she was the sole occupant of his thoughts. She was as a star upon which he loved to fix his gaze. In her beauty there was a delirium that filled his soul with a strange and ineffable rapture. His whole nature underwent a change. The asperities of his character were entirely subdued. He resigned himself to the dominion of love and gentleness! Thus he was rendered contented and happy; and at length, as a pledge of his continued felicity, he was blest with the birth of a daughter, who was called Isabella. Soon after this his wife died; and his affections were now centered in his only child. He bestowed upon her every possible attention, and when she had arrived at a sufficient age, he placed her at a public school to receive an education.

Again we find Dom Bernardo restless and dissatisfied. He had been accustomed to a life of cruelty and blood, and without some powerful excitement, he became the victim of his own gloomy and foreboding thoughts. As a remedy, he returned, once more, to the seas. He was absent three years, during which time he plundered many vessels, while his young and innocent daughter was profoundly ignorant of his nefarious pursuits.

The luxurious habits of the pirate subjected him to frequent and severe attacks of the gout; it was during one of these visitations that he solemnly resolved to quit forever his dangerous profession, and retire with his daughter into private life. Accordingly he bade adieu to his associates, and hastened to receive her welcome embrace. He found her grown up almost into womanhood, possessing a gay and cheerful spirit. Her heart was light and buoyant as the breeze; for care had never yet laid upon her his withering touch. Her cheeks were flushed with the roses of youth and her dark eye sparkled with irresistible eloquence and fascination. She was told by her father that she must prepare for a life of seclusion; that he was weary of the world, and with the exception of herself wished to stand aloof from all society. For a moment a shade came over the brow of Isabel, but it vanished in an instant: she thought only of contributing to the happiness of her parent, who was so enfeebled by excess that she doubted whether he could survive many months.

Dom Bernardo fixed his residence in a narrow and secluded valley, formed by two ranges of hills that rose abruptly on either side. He took with him only one domestic, a man servant named Manuel, who, together with himself and Isabel, constituted the whole of his family. A month after their arrival in this place of retirement, Bernardo took his daughter by the hand and led her to a seat upon some rocks at a short distance from the house.

"My child," he commenced, after looking at her for some time in silence, "you have probably never asked yourself what I have wished to make known to you this secret. My situation in some measure requires it. But you must remember that a single whisper would plunge me into irretrievable ruin. Did I not know, my daughter, that oaths are mockeries, I would call upon you to swear that you would lock up my words as an inviolable treasure in your bosom. But as it is, there is a tie between us that will be less easily broken. What say you, my child?" Isabel remained silent, gazing upon her father with a mingled look of wonder and astonishment. Dom Bernardo resumed. "Within the last two years you have heard much of a celebrated pirate? Not three months ago, if I mistake not, you read to me an account of his having despoiled a vessel of a valuable cargo that was just returning from the Indies. You may also remember he exercised great humanity towards the crew, by deterring his band of desperadoes from violations and unnecessary havoc. That man is now before you—Dom Bernardo, your father. You tremble, my girl; but you have nothing to fear. My days are numbered—I almost feel the deathrattle in my throat. I shall soon pass away; and until that time I wish to remain as much secluded as possible. I would desire your kindness and attention; still, I will force nothing upon you as a matter of necessity. I am unworthy to be the sire of so lovely a daughter. I have an immensity of wealth that shall be equally yours, whether you remain with me to soothe the last pangs that this feeble body is doomed to suffer; or whether you fly from my presence, and seek a home among those who better deserve your society. What is your decision?"

Isabel burst into tears—while the pirate pressed her gently to his throbbing bosom. She imprinted a kiss upon his lips and replied—

"Dearest father! think not that I could ever desert you. You know not how bitterly I lament the misdeeds of your past life; but you are still my parent, and ties of blood are too sacred to be riven, merely because a combination of circumstances (however painful) seems to render it expedient. No, my father; your destiny shall be mine. I will watch over you—and I will pray for you; oh, how unceasingly I will pray for you! albeit the whole world should be up in arms against us. Dry your tears, my beloved parent, and let not grief have the power to scathe your already parched and desolate heart. What is peril when we have wrought up our souls to resist its power? Let us be content, and put afar off the day of evil and tribulation."

The beautiful enthusiast paused. The pirate wept aloud, and almost involuntarily sunk upon his knees, and, fervently clasping his hands, offered up a prayer to the throne of the Eternal.

Isabel occasionally visited Philadelphia, though never in company with Dom Bernardo, who now deemed it unsafe to appear again in public, whatever might be his disguise. It was in this place she formed an attachment to one Burnet—Henry Burnet, if our authority is correct; a young gentleman of wealth and education; but unhappily of dissipated habits, and who had squandered the greater portion of his money in gambling and horse-racing. It was in this struggle between pride and poverty, that he formed the acquaintance of Isabel; and such was the influence he exercised over her young and unpractised heart, that she disclosed to him the secret of Dom Bernardo. Her affection for Burnet was so sincere and ardent, that he prevailed upon her to meet him privately at stated periods near her father's dwelling. It was upon one of these occasions, that we will detail the conversation of the lovers.

"And you will not consent?" said Burnet, taking the hand of the innocent girl.

"It is impossible!" replied Isabel. "I have promised not to desert my father in his forlorn condition; at his death my heart is wholly yours."

"Well, be it so. I am undeserving of so much happiness; I will await it patiently; but that is not it. Know you, dearest, that my ample possessions have passed away—that by unforeseen accident, my fortune has become that of another?"

"Henry," quickly replied the girl, "you are not, on that account, the less estimable. What is wealth but a mere shadow, a plaything for those who are incompetent to appreciate the loftier attributes of our nature? But if riches are a blessing, Dom Bernardo has an abundance, and with you, Henry, they shall be enjoyed by your own faithful and devoted Isabel. For the present, we must separate; my assistance is required in the sick chamber. And remember, Henry, at your own solicitation I have become your betrothed; but not, I again repeat, until the death of my father can I consent to be your bride."

The lovers bade an affectionate adieu, and parted; Isabel to administer to her affectionate parent; Burnet, to regret that he had failed in the accomplishment of his designs.

Three nights after this, the beautiful form of Isabel glided along a narrow path, leading directly from Dom Bernardo's dwelling, and terminating, at a distance of about a hundred yards, upon the elevated rock, shaded with drooping willows. Hither she had come to woo the fragrance of the breeze. It was a beautiful night, and everything around was still and calm. The moon was shining with unusual splendor, and the stars were abroad in all their bright and glorious magnificence. Suddenly a loud whistle broke upon her startled ear, and then, for a moment, all was again silent. Presently she heard footsteps, and looking earnestly whence the sound proceeded, she saw the person of Manuel, her father's servant groping his way through the underwood, almost immediately beneath her feet. He was soon joined by a person, who emerged from the thicket; and they now stood upon the base of the rock upon which our heroine was seated. She soon recognised the stranger to be no other than her affianced husband—Henry Burnet.

"And what has brought him here at this late hour?" was the instant inquiry of the unsuspecting girl; "and why this secret conference with Manuel?" She paused to listen to their discourse.

"The evening is well nigh spent," said Burnet. How fares our project?"

"All is well," returned Manuel. "There is not even a suspicion."

"Does Bernardo sleep?"

"Ay, soundly."

"And Isabel?"

"She is worn out with watching. Besides, she can present no obstacle. An admirable disguise is that of yours, Burnet! You brought the masks and pistols, I suppose?"

"Ay, all: nothing has been forgotten. I was thinking, Manuel, whether it would not be better to defer our attempt a little longer. Dom Bernardo may not probably survive another week, and it would be less appalling to our consciences, if the affair was settled thus amicably. In the event of the Spaniard's death, Isabel has promised to share with me his fortune. I love the girl, it is true—you may laugh—but I swear I love that beautiful and dreamlike creature. Her voice is to me as the richest music. I could kneel to her, Manuel, and worship at her feet with all the devotion of a saint; but with all this, should we not cast the sickle into the golden wheat when the harvest is ready?"

"Ay now you talk sense, and I now reverence what you utter. It is, indeed, a golden harvest—one that we cannot wisely overlook!"

"But Isabel must not suspect that I have been even accessory to the damned crime we are about to perpetrate!" said the agitated Burnet. "Manuel! I feel a chill creeping through my veins, and my limbs seem as marble."

"Pshaw! this is your fancy. I tell you the girl can know nothing of it. Burnet listen to me. I have met you here by your own appointment, and I have come to prosecute a scheme of your own invention. The thoughts of guilt have already been associated in my mind too powerfully to be driven away. I have been attracted by the glittering bait with which you sought to allure me; and it is now too late to recant."

"I leave the execution of the deed to yourself; I confess my courage has deserted me. Be the reward entirely yours."

"Coward!" exclaimed the infuriated Manuel, seizing Burnet violently by the arm. "Tell me that thou abandon our project, and," (uttering a horrible oath,) "I will strike you to the earth. I fear not to send a bullet through Dom Bernardo's heart; but the task must and shall be yours; my only fear is, if I suffer you to escape thus, that your weakness would betray me into the hands of justice. Half the spoils, by agreement, are to be yours, and it is now nearly the appointed hour. In good faith, if my watch says truly, it lacks only fifteen minutes. You agree? That's a brave fellow! You know the signal. When the lamp is removed from the window where it now glimmers, do you approach in your disguise. I have already told you in which chamber may be found the Spaniard. Let the work be that of a moment, and instantly disappear. In a few days you may return to claim the hand of his daughter—you know the rest. In fifteen minutes I shall expect you—farewell!"

Isabel hastened home with all possible speed. She was determined to use every exertion to foil the cursed designs of Manuel and her perfidious lover. She flew to the apartment of Dom Bernardo and snatching up his loaded pistols in silence secreted them in the folds of her dress. She then seated herself in the apartment where she expected Manuel and his confederate to enter. It was not long before the former made his appearance; contrary to his custom, he seated himself very deliberately in a corner of the room. Isabel watched his countenance, but remained silent. She observed not the least emotion of doubt or fear. After a short pause, he arose and removed the lamp. He then threw himself carelessly upon a sofa.

"Manuel," said Isabel, taking up the light, what have you concealed beneath your waistcoat? A pistol and loaded too! do you apprehend any danger, that you are so valiantly armed? Hypocrite!" cried the undaunted girl, as she replaced the lamp on the spot whence it had been taken. "Know you not that I was a listener to your sanguinary schemes? Indeed, you shall be rewarded for your zeal and activity. I have but one favor to request, and I am sure you cannot refuse me. It is that you will descend to the dungeon where my father has hoarded his wealth, and remain there during the night. Away I say! for if you refuse you shall share the fate you intended for Dom Bernardo!" and saying this, she leveled a pistol at his breast.

Manuel, somewhat disconcerted, took his way to the dungeon, and Isabel secured him by turning several heavy iron bolts. She returned to the apartment she had just left, and removed the lamp from the window. She waited some time expecting the return of her gallant lover—Burnet. At length he strode rapidly through the hall, and was making his way to the apartment of Dom Bernardo. Isabel sprung after him, and before he was aware, disarmed him of his weapons.

"Who are you?" she demanded in a determined voice. "Come to the light sir; come I say, or here is a bullet that will cure you of your obstinacy. How cleverly you are masked—eh? Not ashamed, I hope, of your features? Off with your disguise—off with it, that I may introduce to you the worthy Manuel, whom you will find secreted in the dungeon."

The mortified Burnet on perceiving that he was known by Isabel, was so overcome by his emotion, that he staggered back a few paces and fell to the ground. At this instant, Dom Bernardo entered the room. He had heard the commotion, and started hurriedly from his bed, although more dead than alive. He was so overpowered, that his limbs scarcely supported his own weight, and but for the timely assistance of his daughter, who caught him in her arms, he would have dashed headlong on the floor; she thought only of assisting her father to his bed; and while she was engaged in this duty she was astounded by the report of a pistol. It was the deathblow of Henry Burnet, struck by his own hand. He had snatched the weapon from the table where it had been thoughtlessly laid by Isabel on the appearance of Dom Bernardo, and had buried its contents in his forehead. The blood was already streaming upon the floor. He was writ-

thing in the agonies of death—a self-immolated victim upon the altar of his own consummate wickedness and folly. He attempted several times to speak, and rose once again upon his feet. Oh, what a fearful picture! He lifted his hand red and dripping with blood, to his lacerated forehead, and thrust it madly into the fatal wound, and then he glared around with the wildness and fury of a maniac; and uttering a loud and piercing cry, fell heavily in his own gore. Life had fled, and Isabel was in the presence of the guilty dead.

Dom Bernardo did not long survive this tragical event. He was gathered to his fathers, rejoicing in the termination of his turbulent and perilous career. As to Manuel, he was elevated to the height of his deservings. Isabel, upon the death of her father, took up her residence in Philadelphia, and soon became the envied bride of an opulent merchant, who, it has been rumored, was not unacquainted with the celebrated pirate, whom we have introduced into our story under the name of Dom Bernardo. [No. Amer. Mag.]

Perpetual Motion.—A Bordeaux journal says, that a citizen of that place has discovered this grand secret; the original force, though slight, generating an increasing and endless velocity. We have, however, so often heard of similar mares'-nests, that we are not inclined to be credulous. The invention may nevertheless be useful, if it can apply a surplus force in mechanics.

Ireland.—Cholera in Dublin.—The Cholera has made its appearance again in Dublin and its vicinity, with scarcely any abatement of the virulence which marked its first approach. In the neighborhood of Kingston and Blackrock (says a letter writer), numerous fatal cases have occurred; and although no public mention has been made of cholera in this city, I have heard from good authority that 40 deaths occurred in one parish on the north side of the river last week.

Crops and Markets.—The crops in Queens county, Ireland, appear healthy and luxuriant, and the potatoes promise well. In a very few instances there has been a failure of the early kinds, which are not planted in this country except for the use of the gentry; so that the class whose food is the potato exclusively will suffer nothing by the deficiency; but the general crop is thriving and forward for the time of year. The poor man's garden is well stocked. The markets have experienced a further decline from the prices of last month. A number of farmers who had been hoarding provision, "speculating for a rise," crowded the markets on Saturday, and potatoes were sold at 3 1-2d the stone.

Germany.—The German papers are quite devoid of interest. With the exception of Frankfurt, all is composure and tranquillity. In this place, some commotion had been created by the escape of a student named Alban, who was in confinement for some state offence. He had escaped with the soldier who guarded him, and aided his flight. It was believed, however, that he was yet concealed in the town; and every precaution was used to prevent his flight, by guards at every gate. It is forbidden in Frankfurt to wear the German colors; females wearing tri-colored sashes are not exempt from punishment. Foreigners who are suspected of an intimacy with any of the Ultra-Liberals, are instantly ordered to quit Frankfurt territory, in which, it is added, they ought not to have been allowed to remain so long. In the evening, only the small number of persons set down in the police-regulation are allowed to walk the streets, or to stand conversing together; persons going home together were ordered to separate or threatened with arrest. The daughter of one of the citizens had been arrested for being in correspondence with one of the individuals against whom a warrant had been issued.

Gasper Hauser.—The history of the unfortunate Gasper Hauser has given rise to so many absurd inventions, that the Bavarian Government has thought proper to order the seizure of every pamphlet which contains anything respecting him.

A dreadful fire broke out on the 3d inst. at the Rethem-on-the-Aller, in the Hanoverian dominions, by which 95 dwelling houses, and 37 out-houses, were reduced to ashes. As many as 700 or 800 persons were thus deprived of their homes, and many of them of all their property. [Hamburg Correspondent.]

Belgium.—Jerome Bonaparte, who has been for some time past residing at Brussels, has recently been officially given to understand, that his residence in that capital is no longer expedient.

New South Wales.—Sydney papers had been received at London on the 8th February. Eight thousand persons had arrived at the Colony during the past year, of which two thousand five hundred were free emigrants. Disorder and riot continued to increase among the convict population, seventeen of whom were in jail awaiting their trial for murders. The aborigines continued their attacks on the white population, and two assigned servants of Sir John Jamieson had been murdered. The population of the colony was ninety-one thousand—that of Sydney sixteen thousand. Total revenue to the Crown last year, 164,000*l*. The quantity of black whale-oil, obtained during the season at Research Bay, Adventure Bay, and Oyster Bay, on the Derwent, amounted to 1,256 imperial tons, the whole of which, if sold on the spot at the present price of 16*l* per ton, would average 20,000*l*.

An Excellent Lesson.—In one of my lessons, very early in life, to that venerable master, Dr. Pepusch, says Dr. Barney, 'he gave me a short lesson, which made so deep an impression that I long endeavored to practise it. When I was a young man,' said he, 'I determined never to go to bed at night till I knew something that I did not know in the morning.'

The total number of persons who have emigrated from the north of Ireland at Londonderry this season to America is 6,054, of whom 1,600 went to Quebec, 1,630 to St. John's, 2,075 to Philadelphia, and 679 to New-York. There are a few emigrant vessels still in the river, and it is probable that of the above number 1,000 more may have yet to add. Most of the above were persons in very poor circumstances, laborers and small farmers, but all of a hard-working industrious temperament.

THE WEST.

To the Editor of the Buffalo Daily Advertiser:

PAUL ROBERTS.—I have just returned from an excursion among the Lakes, having travelled about seventeen hundred miles, and visited some portion of the interesting country bordering on the great Mediterranean of the west. The territory of Michigan occupies an important position in relation to the immense chain of navigable waters that surround it. It possesses great commercial advantages, and its soil and climate are peculiarly inviting to the agriculturalist. Michigan is about to form a Constitution, preparatory to admission as an important member of the Federal Union; its population is estimated at sixty or seventy thousand. Several of the new states were admitted into the Union with a much less number of inhabitants. The state of Ohio is claiming a pretty important slice from the south part of Michigan, which, if successful, will throw the whole of the Miami into that state. The people of Michigan consider this claim on the part of Ohio extremely unjust and unreasonable, inasmuch as Ohio is sufficiently large, and Michigan has no territory to spare.

The land bordering on the lake and river from the Miami to Lake St. Clair, is very level, and much of it appears too low for farming; yet the soil is rich, and when cultivated, yields abundantly. The interior of Michigan presents almost every variety of farming lands; the south part of the territory is considered the best. The Detroit river is not surpassed in beauty and grandeur by the majestic Hudson. At Detroit the banks of the river are considerably elevated above the surrounding country; it is seen a good distance above and below, and the view is enchantingly grand. The city of Detroit has a population of five thousand, and is very rapidly increasing in population and business. I am persuaded that Detroit possesses advantages which have not been fully appreciated. It is the central connecting link between the upper and lower lakes, and the river at its foot being very broad and deep, forms a harbor which can hardly be excelled, and which must always form the grand rendezvous for the lake vessels. Next in importance to Detroit at present is Monroe, a delightful town, near the mouth of the river Raisin, in the midst of a country equal in fertility to the Mohawk flats. The river at, and a little above, the town, has a vast water power, which as yet is but partially improved. The enterprising citizens of this place are struggling hard to obtain an appropriation from Congress sufficient to construct a harbor at the mouth of the Raisin, which seems to be all that is wanting to make Monroe one of the most important towns in the territory. The receiver at Monroe, although there are two other land offices in the territory, sold about one hundred thousand acres of land, during the quarter ending the 30th June last.

A canal will undoubtedly be cut across the south part of Michigan from lake to lake. Such a project is already in contemplation, and with the aid of an appropriation by congress of the unsold lands through which the canal would pass, as was done at Chicago, it may be speedily accomplished.

Lake Huron is a noble sheet of water, but the country around it is nearly a wilderness. Between Fort Gratiot and Mackina, a distance of two hundred and forty or fifty miles, the traveller sees no traces of civilization. Mackina stands on a bluff upon a small island, overlooking a beautiful bay and harbor. Near the centre of the island, and directly back of the fort, is an old fortification called Fort Holmes; it is elevated some three hundred and fifty feet above the surrounding waters of the lake, and affords a most romantic and picturesque prospect of the lake and the adjacent country. Farther west and on the opposite side of the isthmus, stands the old fort Michillimackinac, a name once in high estimation among school boys, who learned orthography from the first edition of Webster's spelling-book.

The waters of the lakes Huron and Michigan are remarkable for their purity and transparency. At Mackina, when the surface of the water is untroubled, the smallest pebble may be distinctly seen at the bottom in almost any depth of water, and the fish which are caught here in great abundance, are as delicious as the element in which they live is pure. If our eastern invalids, who have inhaled disease from the morbid atmosphere of a crowded city; who have impaired their constitutions by excess of business or pleasure, or whose bile has been disturbed by the pressure and embarrassment of a Jackson currency, instead of resorting to the springs, would step on board one of our fine steam vessels, such for instance as the Michigan, whose accommodations are in all respects equal to the best regulated hotel, and with the passing cloud, waft away to Mackina, and there regale the eye upon its wild scenery, breathe its pure and renovating air, feast upon its trout, and bathe in its limpid waters, I am confident they would return with renewed health and spirits.

The body of water called Green Bay, is in fact a large lake, ninety miles long, and from ten to thirty miles wide; it has several excellent harbors on the southerly coast. The whole distance from Mackina through the straits, across Michigan, and up the bay to the western extremity, is about two hundred miles. The mouth of Fox river forms a spacious and secure harbor accessible to vessels of the largest class, although the channel into it, is across extensive flats, and is quite too crooked for convenience. The river is navigable six miles up, and then becomes rapid for six or eight miles, forming water power for hydraulic purposes to an almost indefinite extent. Near the mouth of the Fox river, and on each side of the stream, is an old French settlement, it having been a part of that singular cordon of military posts, which the French threw around the English colonies anterior to the old French war, and which extended from Quebec to New Orleans. The European character of this French colony has become merged in that of the savage. The matrimonial rite seems to have been little regarded among them, and the distinctions of color entirely lost.

A few enterprising citizens have laid the foundation of a new town near the mouth of the river, and given it the name of Naverino. I have no doubt it will become a place of great importance, the lands around being of the first quality, and the climate perhaps inferior to none other for purity and health. No portion of the lands about Green Bay have yet been offered for sale. The Indian title, however, is now extinguished between Fox river and Michigan Lake, and surveyors are running it out. A land office has just been established at Naverino, and a receiver appointed. The lands will be put into market in September next. It is considered a choice tract, far superior to the prairie lands farther south, and not exceeded by any in the western country.

In the garrison at Green Bay, are two hundred men, and in that at Mackina one hundred; we witnessed a review at both places, by Gen. Brady, who was one of our party. The visits of steamboats to these remote settlements, although more frequent now than formerly, are very gratifying to the people; they bring a fresh supply of eastern luxuries, and restore long expected, absent friends. As the boat approaches the town, a crowd assembles upon the wharf and many an anxious eye darts among the passengers on board, in quest of some well known countenance; as the boat touches the wharf a rush is made for the deck; anxious inquiries follow, acquaintances meet and exchange congratulations. Nor is the parting scene less interesting. While the boat is preparing to leave, the crowd continues to increase; a new set of passengers come on board, accompanied by their friends

—these collect in groups and engage in conversation. The last bell sounds the note of separation; then comes the mutual benedictions, the shaking of hands, the parting kiss. The boat wheels slowly from the wharf, while the steam, impatient of restraint, is bursting from the safety valve; the new passengers appear upon the upper deck, to take a last look at the home they are leaving, while their friends linger upon the wharf with moistened eyes, to catch another parting glance and wave farewell to the objects of their regard and solicitude. I must hazard the opinion, that large and dense communities corrupt the human heart as they taint the surrounding atmosphere; and that the smaller the society, the firmer bind the social ties, and the closer twine the cords of true friendship.

Among the many towns now rising into importance west of Lake Erie, it would be idle to attempt the designation of any one, as likely to eclipse all the rest and monopolize the wealth and business of a country so extensive and variegated. Detroit, the Miami, the Raisin, Chicago and Green Bay, are all important positions; and to these may be added other places on each side of Michigan, and on the rivers and smaller lakes still farther west. All these positions have their advantages, and perhaps none are free from disadvantages; even Chicago, much as is now said of it, has to encounter serious impediments; the want of a good harbor, and the existence of extensive adjacent prairies, which can never admit of a dense population, are embarrassments of no trifling magnitude. One thing, however, is certain: that the arrogant young city of Buffalo will soon have to surrender the distinguished cognomen of "City of the West," and be content to take her relative position among the cities of the East. Hundreds of miles to the west of her, lies a country destined to be a land of cities; a country checkered with lakes and rivers, whose navigable waters traverse half the continent, and mingle with the ocean at the north, the south, the east, and the west; a country blest with an Italian climate, and soil teeming with every variety of agricultural production: a country of boundless resources, and capable of sustaining a population equal to that of the largest state in Europe.

The increase of shipping, and the improvement of the vessels, within a few years, on the Lakes, are equally astonishing. An excursion of a thousand miles, is a mere matter of relaxation and pleasure. The citizens of Detroit, however, have the honor of bearing off the palm in the construction of Steamboats. The Michigan, built wholly at Detroit, may challenge the entire American waters to produce her equal.

[S. S.]

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

THE MARRIAGE RING.—It is often interest which presents, and love which receives it. It must be acknowledged, to our shame, that in marriages for interest, which are numerous, the villany is almost always on the side of the man. A woman seeks less a rich husband than a lover whose love she may return. What is the cause of this difference? Because, generally, when a man marries, his heart has been hackneyed in the ways of love, while that of the woman is still pure and untouched. The following is an extract from "Admirable Secrets" of Wecker: When the priest has united two persons, the husband, newly blest, gives to his wife the marriage ring to confirm the alliance. This moment is one of the greatest interest for the woman, and requires all her attention. If the husband stops the ring at the top of the finger and does not pass it beyond the second joint, the wife will be queen and mistress of every thing in the household; but when a man is ungentle enough to push the ring up to the root of the finger, and to fix himself in the place it ought to occupy, that man is and will be sovereign lord and master of all around him. For this reason, well bred ladies take care to bend the ring finger at the moment they receive the marriage ring, so as to stop it at the first or second joint; and it is to this little artifice that they owe the pleasure of governing their husbands, who always however, boast that they guide their own vessel.

ANGER.—The irascible affections, as respects others, are of all the most infectious, and ordinarily produce vehement reaction. Let them be directed against whom they may, they diminish the pleasure in serving the irascible person and with the diminution of the pleasure comes the diminution of the disposition, or the motive to serve him. But what is the effect on the irascible person as dissociated from others? What price has he paid for the short lived pleasure of being out of humor. He has flattered his temper; he has weakened his powers of judgment; his mastery over his own mind is diminished; he has lost time; he has lost influence; in a word he is left with a serious balance of loss.

COLORS OF FLOWERS.—The fugitive property of some colors is well known; and in no way better exemplified than as they naturally exist in flowers. The fume arising from a common sulphur match, which is, in fact, sulphuric acid, will change purple and crimson colors to pink. The blue, in combination with red, is readily discharged; indeed, a pink or purple flower might be completely bleached by holding it in the fumes of sulphur. Thus, roses and dahlias have been made to assume a variegated and very novel appearance. The blue *Commelina tuberosa* is more permanent, as are yellows and greens. Bright pink stripes and veins may be produced on the dark purple petals of pansies, dahlias, and other dark colored flowers with a camel hair pencil and oil of vitriol, to yield a rather pleasing effect. Such lines should not be drawn to the edge of the petal, or a little injury will soon be evident, nor should they be strong, nor near together, as they quickly spread. These playful deceptions may yield occasional amusement; but it would be neither good taste, nor good feeling to permit a friend to quit our society under any false impression occasioned by such arts. Knowledge of this sort is principally valuable by exhibiting the visible action of one ingredient on another, and by awakening the mind to what is, and what may be done.

LIFE.—Life is a fountain, fed by a thousand streams that perish if one be dried. It is a silver chord, twisted with a thousand strings that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the mouldering tenements that we inhabit. The seeds of diseases are planted in our constitutions by the hand of nature. The earth and the atmosphere, whence we draw our life, are impregnated with death—health is made to operate in its own destruction. The food that nourishes the body, contains the elements of decay—the soul that animates it by the vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its action—death lurks in ambush along our path.

SINGULAR MODE OF CHOOSING A WIFE.—The ceremony of selecting a consort of the Tzar, of which so much has been said in various books of travels, took place according to the Russian writers, in the following manner: The virgins most distinguished for beauty and accomplishments in the dominions of the Tzar, were assembled in Moscow, and privately examined by persons appointed, before they were admitted as candidates for the hand of the Tzar. This examination, and indeed the whole business, was confided to the care of certain boiars of the first rank, and their wives. Those who were considered suitable persons were admitted into the palace of the Tzar, and an apartment was assigned to each of them. They were entertained at one table during their stay, and passed their time in social amusements befitting their years and stations. In the mean time, the Tzar paid them a visit *incognito*, overheard their conversation, and made his own remarks upon them. After a very mature examination, carried on in this secret manner, (no doubt on account of the national usage, that no intercourse could take place between the parties before marriage,) and when the Tzar had fixed upon the virgin he intended to raise to the throne, he paid them a public visit at their table, and gave to the lady of his choice a handkerchief and a ring. On each of the rest, also, he bestowed a handkerchief, and they returned to their respective homes. The chosen maiden was then publicly proclaimed as the intended of the Tzar, under the name of Grand Princess; and in the prayers of the church, until the marriage ceremony took place, she was remembered as the chosen bride of the Tzar. The exact number of young females for such an occasion was not fixed. When Natalia (the mother of Peter the Great) was chosen by Alekic Michaelovitch, their number was sixty. It is recorded that when Vasilii Joavitch, had to make his choice, no fewer than 1500 damsels were assembled.

NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.—Franklin which is five miles west from Wrentham, was named from our venerable Doctor himself, who, in consideration thereof, presented the inhabitants with a public library, which is preserved with scrupulous fidelity to this day. Its population is about 1700, and the territory, (intersected by a branch of Charles river, which affords good accommodation for two or three small factories,) considerably more than six miles square; and yet—which is the point I am driving at—the town comprises but one parish, but one minister, and one meeting house. This, with the exception of a powder house, and the school houses in ten districts, is the only public building in the place. Unless indeed, I should dignify with that title the longest series of horse sheds which mortal eye ever beheld, running, like a line of circumvallations, around the meeting house aforesaid, and nevertheless filled every Sunday, with the vehicles of these church going villagers. The predecessor of the present clergyman was the reverend and venerable Dr. Emmons, preacher here for something like 60 years, and still apparently as active, in his ninetieth year, as if the old gentleman sported a cocked hat and breeches belonging to the century in which we live. He must be the oldest minister in the Commonwealth. Dr. Ripley, of Concord, who preaches every Sunday, is not over eighty-four.

Almost every house in this quiet place, is a manufactory of straw bonnets. In some families, half a dozen girls are kept constantly at work. The Tuscan straw is used instead of rye, and is worked chiefly with the aid of the loom. The amount of business of this kind in the town, is rated at \$77,000 a year, half of which must be made by the Franklin girls. Whether the men are "men of straw," I don't know; but several of them have made handsome estates by the article—not excepting a clever negro, who was, seven years since, a runaway Virginia slave, and is now the owner of some thousands.

[Boston Trans.]

CONVERSATION WITH ALL.—Let the tone of your conversation be invariably benevolent. Differ without asperity; agree without dogmatism. Kind words cost no more than unkind ones; kind words produce kind actions; not only on the part of him to whom they are addressed, but on the part of him by whom they are employed; and this not incidentally only, but habitually in virtue of the principle of association.

[Lutheran Observer.]

The spirit of truth dwelleth in meekness. The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

HOPE.

"Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?"

Whoever thou art, author of these lines, I thank thee for the text; and if it be thy heart's language, all hail, my brother! or perchance, my sister! What indeed is hope but the very life of our heart? the beacon, the pole-star by which we steer through the voyage of life—a night of danger and a sea of troubles!

"Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?"

Not I, surely. Were I an idolator, I should worship the personification of Hope; at least, until hope was sweetly lost in sight; and then with all the zeal of a devotee, inspired by the presence, sight and touch of his divinity, I should worship—

Hope, the invincible! Hope, the anchor of the soul! O thou blessed angel! with more lives than Hydra! Destroy thee in one part, and thou buddest afresh in another! Cast thee to the earth, and like Anteus, thou risest regenerated, reinvigorated! had I a coat of arms, thou blessed sheet anchor, shouldst occupy the centre of the shield; and were I sinking in floods deeper than ever yet rolled over my soul, still would my closing eye be turned to thee, thou blessed Cynosure of heaven, and my latest breath murmur "Resurgam!"

In thinking of death what is there that sustains the soul but the vague and presumptuous hope of exemption from the common lot of mortality? Search seek it in thy bosom: it is there, and in every breast, deep latent, but still operative with a secret spring, to make us careless of to-morrow and incredulous of our fate, even when we look upon the closed eye and motionless lip of the coffin. Thus is it except when the change which awaits us is viewed through the medium of Christianity. Ah, then indeed—

"Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more."

But in no instance is the influence of Hope more beautifully seen than in the parting friends. Ah, then indeed, is she a sweet deceiver, that, with honied promises and gay prospectives, beguiles us, children of a moments ken, of all our woes and half our regrets. What a chillness would be shed upon the feast of reason and flow of soul, were it really impressed upon us that it is our last interview. No; however improbable, whatever be the barriers that part us, we HOPE to meet again. [Parthenon.]

HOME.—Home! sacred fountain of pure affections! whose waters will never cease to bubble up in the heart, through all the sands which the whirlwinds of life's desert may pile upon it; well it is for wanderers off to revisit thee! to behold again the scenes to which recollection has made many a weary pilgrimage; to see the smiling faces that smiled upon their childhood; to read the new names which have been written on the church yard marbles. And, if, on turning from thy green oasis, to plunge again into the mid desert, some natural tears should fall, let them not be repressed. They will do their manhood no disgrace, and they will return to their duties, sadder, perhaps, better men. [Ib.]

APOSTROPHE TO FRIENDSHIP.—Passion sublime! attribute of great minds! whose flame, pure as the fire of heaven's altar, is kindled by sympathy and brightened by intimacy; redeeming spirit, which the Sovereign Being has accorded to man to do an angel's errand; O, divine Friendship! thy smile is life, thy name an epitome of all the joys of time. Thou, whose bonds are stronger than the ties of blood; thou who, in the Sicilian friends, didst triumph o'er the fears of death; thou angel of the world! hear the prayer of thy faithful votary on life's eventful sea, should the gales of prosperity fan me and fill my sails, O grant thy favoring presence, Give me some heart that shall meet mine, reciprocally soft; lips to partake and sweeten the cup of blessing, or it will prove but an intoxicating draught of bestial pleasure. Dash it from my lips, and grant, instead, the anchorite's simple well, and the solitude of nature, as well as loneliness of heart. Or, if the past is but the shadow of the future, and the storm is to lower more darkly as I approach that Bourn whence no traveller returns; from which there sets no current, and there blows no breeze towards the shores of time, still grant thy presence. Sustained by thee, I can meet, unblanching, the scowl of a misjudging world, nor heed the pelting of its pitiless storms. Sweetened by thee I can drain the cup of suffering to the dregs, nor find bitterness, but in the thought that aught I love should partake it with me. Then, all hail! thou ornament of the happy, friend of the afflicted. Blessed is the heart that owns thy influence, though it beat beneath the garb of a mendicant. Unhappy he who knows thee not, though thousands call him lord. [Ib.]

MORAL TASTE.—A highly cultivated moral taste is essential to a refined and elevated character. It is this which produces delicacy and nobleness of feeling, by checking those almost imperceptible violations of rectitude, of which conscience seldom takes note. In benevolent actions, its effect is most strikingly manifest. A man of refinement

shrinks, intuitively, from any thing in the manner of performing them, which might wound the feelings of one whom he is obliging, in the same manner as one possessing a cultivated taste in music, avoids a discordant sound.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The entire science of natural history, is of so absorbing a character, as to turn the mind from other pursuits, and lull it to the most agreeable abstraction. It elevates and enlivens the soul; yet its tendencies are calm and contemplative. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

It has been said that literary men are in the habit of undervaluing the humble labors of the naturalist, of ridiculing his shy and abstracted habits, and condemning his minute investigations into the arcanæ of nature, as puerile and trifling. Perhaps there is too great a propensity for this species of sarcasm in every class of society. The philosopher sneers at the poet, the poet despises the man of business, and the latter gazes with contempt at the industrious collector of bugs, or the fortunate proprietor of an extensive menagerie of serpents. The man who has no music in himself, promotes his own enjoyment, by smiling in dignified derision at the rapturous sensations produced in others by the vibrations of a fiddle string, while the amateur gazes at the career of the aspiring politician, with about the same degree of respect as that with which he contemplates the ascent of a paper kite, which seems to sail self poised in the atmosphere, when its motions are in fact regulated by the reckless and half-witted boy who holds the string.

It is true, however, that some minute departments of natural history are cultivated with an assiduity which seems to be greater than the subject demands, and which seldom fails to provoke an involuntary smile. We can hardly feel a proper degree of respect for an individual who devotes his whole life, and the entire energies of a discriminating mind, to the collection of shells or of insects; because it is not easily perceived that the end accomplished is at all commensurate with the labor expended. This is especially the case in regard to persons, who make large expenditures of time or money in the collection of specimens, which are not intended to be appropriated to any useful purpose—out of mere idleness, vanity, or want of employment. The man who never extends the boundaries of science, nor awakens a love of knowledge in others; who never publishes his observations, and who dissipates his time in impaling insects for mere amusement, does no more good to society than the angler or the sportsman: the only difference is, that the one dries his specimens and the other eats them; and the latter is certainly the pleasantest, and by far the most social, operation of the two. But the case is very different where a person employs his time and talents in scientific researches, however minute, for the purpose of comparison and analysis, and with the intention of presenting the results of his investigations to the public. Such a man is an expositor of the laws of nature, and deserves as high consideration as the expositor of the laws of mind, or of the laws of nations, or the common or statute law. Whoever aids in reducing to system, or rendering clear to the understanding, any of the rules which govern mind or matter, which direct the conduct of man or the instinct of brutes, is equally a benefactor of his race, in proportion to the extent and success of his inquiries. Why should Dr. Johnson, who spent years in classifying and explaining words, deserve more credit than Linnaeus, or Wilson, or Nuttall, who have expended as much labor in the classification and description of animals or plants; or why should either of them receive less honor than Blackstone or Sir Humphry Davy, who with equal acuteness have investigated the common law, or the laws of matter? It is the practical usefulness of the study, and the degree of fidelity and mental vigor with which it is pursued, which alone should give it credit; and we apprehend that no reflecting man would condemn any course of research, or train of original thought, which tends to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, to widen the sphere of human industry, to increase the stock of mental enjoyment, or

"To vindicate the ways of God to man."

[Western Monthly Magazine.]

ORNITHOLOGY.—What a delightful study is that of Ornithology! to the lover of nature, who revels in the contemplation of whatever is beautiful to the eye, and whose ear is charmed with the native melody of the grove, no object is so attractive as the feathered inhabitants of the forest and the field. Ornithology is the poetry of natural science. It is made up of beauty, and melody, and love. It is studied on the mountain and in the valley, in the fields, and upon the broad ocean—wherever the poet roams to contemplate the splendors of the landscape, to behold the gorgeous clouds piled up in masses tinged with the colors of the rainbow, to mark the undulations of hill and dale, to gaze on the varied hues of leaf and flower, of sunlight and shade, to muse upon the silent lake, or gather inspiration from the majestic terrors of the angry deep; wherever man roams abroad among the sublime and beautiful scenes of nature, the melody or the plumage of the bird attracts his delighted attention. Wherever the great volume of nature is spread open, the bird is one of the most beautiful embellishments. [Ib.]

A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.—The great river of the West,—the Father of Waters, as it was called by the aborigines, may be used as an apt personification of the power, the progress of change, and eventual destiny of the American people. Rising in the far wilderness, and taking its first impulse from a few trickling rills, it gathers in strength as it proceeds on its way, until, in its course of two thousand miles, it receives the contributions of those immense streams that spread out like the arms of a giant and embrace a whole continent;—grasping and binding together its remote corners, and conveying their tribute to one great body, which thus becomes strengthened and invigorated by the aid of its natural members. With its power thus accumulated, the Mississippi moves on in the swelling majesty of its grandeur, sweeping away with resistless force every opposing obstacle,—straitening and deepening in its own mighty bed, till, finally pouring its volume of deep and rapid waters into the ocean, it mingles its turbid floods with the clear blue sea, and diffuses itself, as it were, in the immensity of creation.

It is even thus with the American nation. The remote and interminable wilds of the earth witnessed its birth, amidst forests boasting the growth of centuries, where, giant-like and unconquerable,—combining its own elements and wisely directing its own energies, it moves on surely and steadily to the accomplishment of a glorious and unequalled destiny. [Miriam Coffin.]

NANTUCKET.—Perhaps there is no other place in the wide world of similar size and population, possessing so few intrinsic attractions, which has produced, under so many disadvantages, such an industrious enterprising people as Nantucket. Though it is said to be literally sterile in the spontaneous gifts of nature, yet it is rife in the physical and intellectual vigor of manhood. For more than a century the islanders have exhibited the curious and unique spectacle of a thrifty community, bound together by a common interest as well as by a relative tie of consanguinity;—primitive though not altogether puritanic in their manners,—winning equal respect for their virtues at home and abroad,—reaping harvests where they have not sown, and fishing up competency for their families from the unappropriated natural wealth in the depths of the sea. [Ib.]

MENTAL DISORDERS.—We observe, in late papers, an account of a singular case of mental disorder. It was that of a young lady, who, after an attack of somnolency, lost all her former knowledge, re-acquired it after a second, lost it again after a third, and so on alternately for a period of four years. Numerous cases of the like phenomena, arising from different affections, are given in Dr. Abercrombie's work on the "Intellectual powers." Among others he mentions the case of a lady whom he attended on account of an injury produced by the fall from a horse. When she began to recover, she received and recognized her friends, but on her perfect recovery, she had no recollection of any thing that occurred during the period of her early convalescence. A case is related by Dr. Abernethy, of a man taken to a hospital in a stupor occasioned by a wound in the head. On his partial recovery, he spoke Welsh, a language he had not used for thirty years, and on his entire recovery, recovered his English and lost his Welsh. Another case is related of a boy, who at the age of four received a fracture in the skull and underwent the operation of trepan. He lay in a stupor, and on his recovery retained no recollection of the accident, or the operation. At the age of fifteen, during the delirium of a fever, he gave his mother an accurate account of the whole transaction, the persons present, their dress, and very minute particulars of every thing.

Dr. Rush gives an account of a student, a person of considerable attainments, who on recovering from a fever, was found to have lost all his acquired knowledge. He commenced the latin grammar again and had passed through the elementary parts, when, in making a strong effort to recollect one of his lessons, his whole lost knowledge returned.

THE LIGHT OF NATURE.—The celebrated Mr. Hume wrote an essay on the sufficiency of the light of Nature; and the no less celebrated Dr. Robertson wrote on the necessity of revelation, and the insufficiency of the light of nature. Hume came one evening to visit Robertson, and the evening was spent on this subject. The friends of both were present, and it is said that Robertson reasoned with an unaccustomed clearness and power. Whether Hume was convinced by his reasoning or not, we cannot tell, but at any rate he did not acknowledge his conviction.

Hume was very much of a gentleman, and as he arose to depart, bowed very politely to those in the room, while as he retired through the door, Robertson took the light to show him the way. Hume was still facing the door: "O Sir," said he, "I find the light of nature always sufficient," and continued; "pray don't trouble yourself, Sir," and so he bowed on the street door opened, and presently, as he bowed along the entry, he stumbled over something concealed, and pitched down stairs into the street. Robertson ran after him with the light, and as he held the light over him, whispered softly and very cunningly, "you had better have a light from above, friend Hume;" and raising him up, he bid him good night, and returned to his friends.

ESSAYS.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

We have somewhere read a toast given by the late celebrated George Canning, containing this sentiment: 'England and the United States; the mother and daughter; united, they may rule the world.' The truth of this sentiment cannot be doubted by him who looks upon the situation and observes the resources of either country. On the one hand, we behold England powerful and prosperous, abounding in the vast resources both internal and external, gathering wealth from every land; mistress of the ocean, spreading her canvass to every breeze, from the dark blue waters of the tropics to the floating icebergs of the frigid zone, and blessed at home with children industrious, patriotic and enlightened;—on the other, he sees our country in all the vigor of a fresh existence, making daily, nay hourly accessions to her strength, sending forth continually her vigorous sons to occupy the remotest part of her vast domains, or to compete for distinction with the giant intellects of the world; and though already powerful, going on with unparalleled rapidity in the path that leads to distinguished excellence and glory. As in the eastern hemisphere, England exerts an influence inferior to that of no other nation, and is in many cases the arbiter between the contending parties of continental Europe, so in the western, the United States are exercising a great and will probably exercise a still greater influence over the destinies of the New World.—When in addition to these things we consider the vast extent of territory adjoining our own, which acknowledges allegiance to the British throne, and recollect how many millions in the Indies bow in submission to English laws, we are astonished at the greatness of the power at the disposal of the 'fast anchored isle,' and readily assent to the assertion, that, united, England and the United States might rule the world.

When we say united, we do not mean that there should be any political union between the countries, nor any change made in their institutions, civil or religious. Change in this respect, is, so far at least as relates to the United States, undesirable; and would in our humble opinion be difficult of accomplishment. Nurtured in freedom, and with the most ardent love of liberty, her hardy sons would never submit to any other than a republican form of government. Dissensions may arise, and local differences and prejudices exist among us, nay, even our glorious and fondly cherished union be dissevered; but even then, the people inhabiting this land would demand, as now, the privilege of electing their own rulers, and their own legislators. Disunion—which Heaven grant may never take place—would only increase the number of our republics, and though it would doubtless diminish the respectability and the glory of our common country, it would not diminish the privileges or the power of the people. But by the term united, we mean, pursuing with respect to other countries, and particularly towards each other, a liberal policy, indicating and calculated to produce a reciprocity of good feeling and good wishes, and striving to overcome national prejudices arising from ignorance and misrepresentation, and not only refraining from wars and deadly rivalry, but in honorable competition, endeavoring to diffuse the light of civilization and religion, and advance the best interests of mankind.—Such a course as this, seems to be dictated by the very circumstances in which the two nations are placed, and by the relation they hold towards each other. Descendants mainly of the same common ancestors, understanding likewise the principles, of civil and religious liberty more perfectly than any other people on earth, speaking the same language and improving their taste by draughts from the same literary fountain, it would seem that however severe the collision of their interests, or however powerful their national prejudices, there were yet, to bind them together, ties that could not be easily broken. But these ties have been dissevered, and some there are, willing, nay desirous, that they should not be re-united; and yet we prophecy that in spite of the misguided exertions of the illiberal and the prejudiced, a natural kindness of feeling will exist, and continue to increase between England and ourselves; yea more; we assert that it does now exist, and that too in no small degree. We can doubtless number among our country's friends and well wishers, many of Britain's choicest spirits, many of her 'gifted and her brave,' who rejoice in our prosperity and are gladdened by our success, who look upon our rapid increase in wealth and power and advancement in the arts, with the same pride with which a parent would observe the noble successful endeavors of a much loved son. For they recognize in us branches of their own parent tree, and deem whatever is noble in us as the legitimate fruit of the English stock, and reflecting some degree of honor on the English name.

And what are the feelings of an American when his thoughts revert to the land that gave birth to his sires? He thinks of it as of the place where repose his fore-father's ashes—a land to which he claims kindred and alliance, a soil consecrated by his ancestors' blood spilled in defence of liberty and in resistance to aggression; a country next to his own most endeared to him by affecting associations. The arms of his fathers have resounded on her battle plains, and her statesmen and counsellors of old may have been his progenitors; and when he reads the history of their wise deeds, and noble exploits, his pulse is quickened by the thought of the relation in which he stands to them.

Their literature too is a powerful bond connecting us with the English people. From our very boyhood, and even in infancy, our minds are filled with images from English scenery, with ideas derived from the state of English society and English manners. Lured by the fascinating style of Bulwer or James we are led into circles displaying to us their characteristics and the peculiarities of their different grades of society; or with Scott led back to the days of chivalry and romance; we follow his hero to the tented field or tournament; accompany him to the castellated tower or the cottage of the rustic; intermingling in imagination with every class and rank, forming friendships and acquaintances in each, until we acquire for them and their land a respect and regard. Or bound perchance by the witching spell of Shakespeare's genius, or enticed by the full and polished verse of Pope, or by the sweet and melting flower of Goldsmith's line, or by Thomson's rich and poetic description, or by her oth-

er bards of high renown, her Cowper, her Young, her Byron her Montgomery, we learn to look on England as the home of kindred and of friends, and our affections are wreathed insensibly around her.

Our literature too, humble though it may be, excites in Britain a regard for us. The productions of many of our authors cross the Atlantic, and are received with kindly feelings into the nobleman's mansion and the cottager's abode. The illustration of our national and local peculiarities, are as interesting to them, as theirs are to us, and in increasing their knowledge of whatever relates to our country, we increase for it their respect and regard.

Hence, we infer that it is both impolitic and unnatural to endeavor to excite ill will between nations, bearing such relations to each other. Better, far better would it be for them both, if they would cultivate those mutual kind feelings, which, if not suppressed would spontaneously arise. Benefits great and numerous would result to each from pursuing this policy. Our own country might derive many advantages from enjoying the friendship of a nation surpassing perhaps in wealth and resources any other that ever existed, and certainly yielding to none, in attainments in science, and a knowledge of those arts that tend to refine the taste and increase the happiness of men.

And England too, proud and powerful though she be, and beholding at present but few clouds to darken her political horizon, may yet, in those periods of gloom, and darkness, and distress, which, as they come over all nations, must at some future period visit her, find reason to rejoice, that in its early existence, she had gained the friendship of a prosperous and a powerful people, both able and willing to yield assistance in the hour of peril.—May these nations then with a single eye to the promotion of their most important interests, ever cultivate a hearty reciprocity of good feeling, and, determined never to unsheath the sword against each other, weave the olive branch into the laurels already acquired, and labor unitedly in extending the blessing of peace, and ameliorating the condition of mankind.

[Hartford Pearl.]

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

A series of Lay Sermons on Good Principles and Good Breeding. By the Ettrick Shepherd. 12mo. p. 330. London, Fraser.

To the un-reverend James Hogg the public is indebted for this very un-parsonlike series of eleven *soi-disant* sermons, so sound of sense, so naturally pious, and so strange in respect to some subjects and opinions, that we should not wonder to see him elevated to the episcopal bench, or made a D. D. or a Dean at least. We readily pass over his "Good Principles," sermon 1., and come to his "Young Women," sermon n., where, as elsewhere, we find some very acute and applicable advice. *Er. gr.*

"The means of improvement in regard to your sex are chiefly reading and conversation. The first gives you knowledge, and the latter teaches you how to use it; and much circumspection is requisite in both cases. Now, I must confess that I am seldom pleased with the books which I see in the hands of young ladies whom I esteem and for whose well being I am anxious. These circulating libraries are ruin for you, as from them you get so much that is nothing but froth and fume. I can never help being pleased when I see one of my own volumes in a young lady's hand whom I like, and yet I cannot say much for them either; only thus much I can say, that these dreamy stories about ghosts and apparitions and persecutions are not half so apt to poison the mind of those of another class which I shall describe. Ladies' novels, for instance, with the exception only of those of two at present living, are all composed in a false taste, and at the same time convey so little instruction, that it would be better for you never to open them. What benefit can a young mind receive from contemplating scenes, which, though interesting, have neither nature nor probability to recommend them? You may see, perhaps, virtue rewarded and vice punished; but while these necessary acts of justice are painted, you see nothing of the reality of life, none of the characters with which you are acquainted; and it is far from being a safe amusement for young ladies to have their feelings and imaginations wrought upon by the fictions of romance, even though the book should hold up nothing but the fairest sides of fair characters. The mind by these is apt to become too highly toned for the common incidents of life; and the readers of such works are apt to be wound up to such a pitch as to be precisely like those who never enjoy themselves save when they are under the influence of intoxication. Another bad thing in these books is, that they always bring virtue into trying and critical situations, so that you must have the delineation of vice along with the other,—all its modes of attack, and the most insinuating infusion of its poison. Vice cannot be exhibited in detestable colors when the intention of the author is to make resistance meritorious. Where there is no allurements, there is no temptation, and it too frequently happens that the worst character in the piece is the most engaging. It is even uniformly so with the greatest and most accomplished novelist that ever was born; and in the mind of a young reader especially, all the distinctions between virtue and vice are broken down. Think, then, what mischief may be wrought in a youthful female mind by such pernicious representations of character. If the agreeable but wicked hero of the piece be reformed, there is a dangerous desire excited to make Proselytes; and if he be punished, the tears which should have been shed for his guilt fall for the misfortunes of the guilty. I recommend therefore, to your attention those works which give a real picture of such characters as have existed in the world, and do exist, both for your profit and amusement: for whenever your author Jones sight of nature and probability, you lose all hold of him and interest in his work. It is good to indulge in reading history; for though the incidents are often surprising and such as one durst not exhibit in a novel, and likewise many of the characters above the capacity of ordinary readers to comprehend, it nevertheless has this to recommend it, that it gives a faithful and true picture of the passions which have agitated mankind, and the events which have resulted therefrom in real life, especially from the ambition of princes and the selfish intrigues of

courtiers and flatterers. But in history, though we often see vice successful, it is never amiable; and, from the nature of its composition, and the greatness of its objects, the series of its events, which it does and must exhibit, you will review lessons on human affairs well calculated to promote your knowledge and humility. There you see the rapid decay of all worldly grandeur, beauty, and ambition; so that the whole of history, to a contemplative mind, is one huge *memento mori*—a good lesson still to keep before your eyes. Romances, on the other hand, give a transient and false view of human life; the figures are overcharged with coloring, the whole is intended to please, and there is nothing in the back-ground to teach us that it is all vanity. The personages of romance are indeed conducted through most difficult and distressing scenes; their virtue is exposed to the greatest risks, while the art of the author must, at all events, preserve it from contamination. Many delicate sentiments may be introduced, and much heroic love displayed, and, when you least expect it, the seas and interventions of all sorts, which a little while before seemed altogether insurmountable, disappear at once; the stratagems of rivals, the opposition of parents, are all exhausted; and the marriage of the hero and heroine closes the grand outrageous fiction. Some of these works may be exceedingly amusing to you, though I confess they were never so to me; but I maintain that if you read such books, you will never be instructed. What are regarded as fine sentiments are of no use if arising out of unnatural and improbable adventures; and I farther assure you, on the credit of a poet, that I never knew a young lady the better for her reading when she read for excitement alone."

Master and Apprentice.—At the conclusion of the war between Great Britain and the United States, Gen. Washington having taken leave of the army, addressed the Marquis de Lafayette, who was then only twenty-eight years of age, and had been serving in America during the revolution, as follows:—"My young friend, you have served an apprenticeship to liberty, now go home and set up for yourself." He did set up for himself, and became so excellent a boss that his workmanship is recognized in all the civilized countries on the globe. [N. Y. Com.]

IMMENSITY OF SPACE.—Far as the earth seems to be from the sun, it is near to him when compared with Uranus; that planet is no less than 1843,000,000 of miles from the luminary that warms and enlivens the world; situated on the verge of the system, the sun must appear to it not much larger than Venus does to us. The earth cannot even be visible as a telescopic object to a body so remote; yet man, the inhabitant of the earth, soars beyond the vast dimension of the system to which his planet belongs, and assumes the diameter of its orbit as the base of a triangle, whose apex extends to the stars. Sublime as the idea is, this assumption proves ineffectual, for the apparent places of the fixed stars are not sensibly changed by the earth's annual revolution; and with the aid derived from the refinements of modern astronomy, and of the most perfect of instruments, it is still a matter of doubt whether a sensible parallax has been detected even in the nearest of these remote suns. If a fixed star had the parallax of one second, its distance from the sun would be 20,500,000,000 of miles. At such a distance not only the terrestrial orbit shrinks to a point, but the whole solar system seen in the focus of the most powerful telescope, might be covered by the thickness of a spider's thread. Light flying at the rate of 200,000 miles in a second, would take three years and seventy days to travel over that space; one of the nearest stars may, therefore, have been kindled or extinguished more than three years before we could have been aware of so mighty an event. But this distance must be small when compared with that of the most remote of the bodies which are visible in the heavens. The fixed stars are undoubtedly luminous like the sun; it is therefore probable that they are not nearer to one another than the sun is to the nearest part of them. In the Milky Way and the other starry nebulae, some of the stars that seem to us to be close to others may be far behind them in the boundless depth of space; may be rationally supposed to be situated many thousand times farther off; light would therefore require thousands of years to come to the earth from those myriads of suns of which our own is but "the dim and remote companion."

THE SKIN.—The skin is one of the most remarkable agents in preserving our health. It gives off the waste matter of our bodies, with unflinching power, provided its healthy action is preserved. Cleanliness is one of the means of preserving it. Dubuytren estimates that its functions are so important, that in all cases where one eighth of the surface of the body is severely burned, death ordinarily ensues. The skin is not only an exhalant but an absorbent, and if the perspiration is allowed to accumulate and be confined by our clothing, it may be absorbed again, and carry its poison through the system. Bathing and washing are therefore of the first importance.

WOMEN.—Women are formed for attachment. Their gratitude is unimpeachable. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained it, and knows how to deserve it. But that very keenness of sensibility, which, if well cultivated, would prove the source of your highest enjoyment, may grow to bitterness and wormwood, if you fail to attend to it or abuse it. [Ettrick Shepherd.]

EFFECT ON THE AIR BY FIRING CANNON.—Mr. Robertson, the seronl, in his last ascension from Castle Garden, states that he was very much annoyed by the firing of cannon, perhaps at the Navy Yard. Every discharge made his balloon shake like an aspen; and at times, he was not without apprehension of danger from the circumstance. The increase of his distance from the earth, did not diminish the effect of the concussion.

LITERARY PREMIUM.—A Russian nobleman, lately deceased, has left a legacy of 50,000 rubles, to increase at compound interest till the year 1895, when the accumulated capital is to be given as a prize for the best history in Russian of the reign of the Emperor Alexander. The capital, it is calculated, will then amount to nearly 2,000,000 of rubles.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

THE DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.—By the arrival of the packet ship *Caledonia*, Captain Graham, from Liverpool, we are furnished with London dates to the 17th, Paris to the 14th and Madrid to the 7th of June. The intelligence, however, is not of a very important character—much less, both in quantity and interest, than is generally supplied after so long an interval. For the following summary, we are indebted to the N. Y. Cour. & Enq.

England.—Some additional changes have taken place in the British Cabinet. The Duke of Richmond has resigned the office of Postmaster General, in consequence of a motion in the House of Commons, that the office should be put in commission. The Marquis of Conyngham has been appointed to succeed him. Capt. Byng, a nephew of the member of Parliament for Middlesex, has been appointed a lord of the treasury.

Earl Grey still remains Prime Minister though under the continued censure of the leading Journals. He has stated in Parliament that it was his intention to propose the renewal of the Irish coercion act, which is about to expire, without any material alteration. A scarcity of potatoes existed in Ireland which has given rise to some disturbances in that country, but the ministers, in answer to inquiries of them on the subject, had replied that they did not believe a real scarcity would eventually shew itself. The new Colonial Secretary, (Mr. Rice,) has carried his re-election for the town of Cambridge. Sir E. Sugden lost his election by 29 votes only.—Mr. Abercromby has been appointed Master of the Mint, with a seat in the Cabinet, much to the consternation of the conservatives. The bill removing the disabilities under which the Jews in England labor, had passed the House of Commons. Great solemnity had attended the installation of the Duke of Wellington at Oxford University—the papers are full of details. Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, arrived at Spithead on the 13th, in the Donegal ship of war. He is accompanied by his wife, three sons, and his wife's two sisters, who are sisters of Don Miguel. It does not appear that his surrender was accompanied by any particular stipulation as to his future residence. It is said, however, that he wished to go to Italy, which was refused him, and that he will be allowed to reside only in England or France. He had a large suite of confessors, priests and officers with him.

France.—From this kingdom there is nothing of interest. The King and Queen of the Belgians had arrived at Paris. Dr. Gervins, whom the government prosecuted for a libel in stating that the officers had committed acts of the greatest cruelty during the troubles at Lyons, has been found guilty and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. The editor of *Le Messager*, in which the libel was published, had been acquitted. The elections for the new Chamber absorb almost entirely public attention.

Spain.—A change has taken place in the Spanish Ministry. Count Torreno having superseded M. Lina in the finance department. A slight disturbance had taken place in the theatre at Madrid, in consequence of the lenity shown to Don Carlos, but the capital was generally tranquil, and the partisans of Don Carlos in the north fast dwindling into insignificance.

Portugal.—Don Miguel has embarked on board the British forty-six gun ship, the *Star*, and is bound to Genoa. He has forty-eight individuals who accompany him. It appears, on his surrender, no other condition as to his future conduct was made, except that he would commit no other offences. His army is entirely dispersed, his soldiers sent to their homes, and all places which still remain in his possession, have been directed by him to surrender to Donna Maria. An income of sixty centes of reis, about seventy thousand dollars has been allotted to him.

The Government of Donna Maria has convoked the Cortes of Portugal, all noblemen who abetted the usurpation of Don Miguel, are however excluded from seats in the Upper Chamber. By another decree, friars and monks of every description are abolished, their property confiscated, and all the monastic revenues applied to the uses of the state. A third decree abolishes the monopoly of the Douro Wine Company. These measures are generally spoken of with approbation. Portugal is evidently fast returning to a settled state under the government of Don Pedro as Regent for his daughter.

Germany.—The free, imperial city of Frankfurt had been entered and taken possession of by troops of the German confederation, under command of an Austrian General. The Senate had protested, and the English newspapers denounce the act as uncalled for and of the most arbitrary description.

Russia and Turkey.—There are accounts of difficulties having arisen between Russia and Turkey, in relation to the frontiers which are to divide the two countries, and Russian troops have, it is said, advanced beyond the line stipulated by the late treaty. There are also rumors of war between Russia and Persia.

VERY LATE FROM EUROPE.—The intelligence from Europe, says the New-York Commercial, of Saturday evening, July 26, has crowded upon us during the week in an unusual degree. We have now to announce the arrival of the packet ship *Rhone*, Capt. Rock, from Havre, having sailed on the 19th of June, and the packet ship *Roscoe*, Capt. Delano, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 24th June. Our London dates are of the 23d, and Liverpool of the 24th. The events that have transpired since our previous dates, are doubtless of local importance; but can possess but little interest on this side of the Atlantic. We shall present them under their appropriate heads.

England.—The British Parliament had been principally occupied in discussing the subject of Tithes, the Poor Laws, and the conferring of University honors upon dissenters. An act authorizing the latter had passed the house of commons by a majority of 174. It is very evident from the tendency of the discussions going on, that a deep determination exists by a large party in England, to reduce the revenues of the church establishment—and not a few are disposed to sever the connexion between church and state. Earl Grey is pledged indeed to sustain the connexion, and will doubtless do so as long as he can; but the current has been setting in very strong ever since Lord John Russell, in 1828, obtained a repeal of the test oath. The Tories have been growing weaker ever since, whilst in the mean time the liberal party has been growing stronger and stronger. It is expected that the bill authorizing dissenters to receive university degrees will be rejected in the house of lords; but the papers speak of its final passage in tones of entire confidence.

Don Carlos landed at Portsmouth on the 18th of June, with his family and suit, from a yacht which had been despatched to receive them from the Donegal. On Friday the 26th of June, in answer to a question by the Marquis of Londonderry, Earl Grey declared that it was the intention of Government to receive and treat Don Carlos, while he remained in this country, as a prince of the blood of Spain. A public dinner was about to be given to gen. Mina, in London on

the 26th, in anticipation of his return to Spain, where it is understood he will occupy an important place in the government. Joseph Bonaparte had requested that his name might be added to the committee on the subject. The Times states that gen. Moreno, who comes with Don Carlos, is the individual who took and shot the unfortunate general Torrijos, Mr. Boyd, and their followers.

Mr. Buckingham, the member for Leeds, is about to introduce a bill into parliament to prevent the barbarous practice of duelling. A panoramic view of the city of New-York is exhibited in London. The view taken is the park; and it includes Broadway, the Bay with its islands, and all the most striking objects in the neighborhood of the city.

The British American Land Company established for the purpose of affording facilities for emigrants to Lower Canada held a meeting on the 19th inst. at the London Tavern, to receive a report from the directors, relative to the state of the company's affairs. The report and the governor's address in explanation were highly satisfactory.

It is stated from undoubted authority that Charles X. has sent to Don Carlos a cheque on a London banker for a million of francs, (£60,000).

Mr. Spring Rice, the new Secretary for the Colonies, having of course resigned his seat in the commons on coming into the ministry, has been returned again for Cambridge, but by a very small majority. It was considered of vital consequence to the ministry, that his election should be carried, and every effort was made for that purpose. On all hands it seems to be conceded that the present ministry stands very insecurely. The Times and the Morning Herald, leading journals, are strongly opposed to them; and it is added, that even now, they hold office upon the unenviable tenure, that there are no persons willing to take their places!

From Mexico.—Capt. Rogers, of the schr. *Flor del Mar*, arrived yesterday from Vera Cruz, informs us that a private conducta with \$400,000, had that day arrived from the interior. The great conducta had not left on account of the revolution. Gen. St. Anna was besieging the city of Poibla, which was expected not to hold out much longer. Rumors were current at Vera Cruz, that Gen. St. Anna had met with a slight defeat at Poibla; he had, however, rallied his troops and cut off the supplies of that city. The cry of the party now is, "Religion and Santa Anna!" who, it is reported, receives 80,000 dollars per month from the church and the aristocratic party, with which he appears to have united himself. [N. Y. Dai. Adv.]

Spain.—The Quadruple Treaty.—Galignani's Messenger of the 19th of June contains a copy of the treaty entered into between Great Britain, France and Spain, the result of which has been the expulsion of Miguel and Carlos, the pretenders to the thrones of the two latter kingdoms, and the restoration of peace to both.

COME FATHER!—Turning the corner of Church and Warren streets the other evening, our attention was arrested by the tender and plaintive exclamation of a young female voice—"Come father—do, do come!" We turned, and there stood a man, respectfully-looking and comfortably clad, holding by one hand on the railing, and supported by a little girl, his daughter, on the other side. She was tenderly entreating a drunken father to go home. He started off, the child clinging to his side, and as he reeled and almost fell into the gutter, the little thing literally braced herself against the pavement, and held him up. She still supported him, as he staggered to and fro, until we turned from the painful spectacle! What a beautiful commentary this upon the affliction of a daughter, and what a loathsome one upon the sin of drunkenness! "Oh, that man should put an enemy to his mouth to steal away his brains!" [N. Y. Com.]

INTERFIDITY OF AN INDIAN.—At the Indian village of Lorette, a few miles from Quebec, on the 13th inst. a little girl, ten years of age, daughter of Germaine Boehard, while dipping for water, having dropt her bucket, in endeavoring to recover it, fell into the river, and was carried away by the stream and buried under the fall. She was afterwards taken up a mutilated corpse. Her brother, aged 12, tried to save her, but was carried away by the current, and would have shared the fate of his sister, but for the interposition of an Indian youth, not twenty years of age, named Francois, who, without stripping, rushed to their assistance, and succeeded in getting hold of both; but unable, so encumbered, to resist the force of the current, and save himself from being precipitated down a fall of 90 feet, to the verge of which he was fast hurrying, with those he was endeavoring to save, he was obliged to relinquish his hold of the girl, and with much difficulty and almost exhausted, reached the shore in safety with the boy.

Birth Extraordinary.—On Thursday night, as two young medical students named Carruthers and Hart, were passing the end of Thames street, they heard groans as of a person in distress, and proceeding to the spot, found a poor woman suffering under the pangs attendant on the primeval curse: they immediately made known to her that they were young surgeons, procured a hackney coach into which they placed her, and bade the coachman drive on to the Hospital; before reaching which, however, she was delivered of a fine boy, who, with the mother, we are happy to learn, is doing, to use the hackneyed term, "as well as can be expected." [N. Y. Trans.]

The Earthquake at Santa Martha.—We have before us a letter from Santa Martha, South America, dated June 15th. One third of the houses had been thrown down by the late earthquake, and of the rest a half were rendered uninhabitable. The church of San Domingo was demolished, and the tower of the Cathedral was thrown down. Nine tenths of the citizens had left the city. The desolation of its appearance was extreme. The shocks still continued up to the 25th. There had been seventy or eighty within the period of twenty-two days. [Boston Trans.]

A Leadin Sudorific.—A Mr. Remick, says the Boston Transcript, returning home late at night from Dorchester, had a pistol bullet shot through the lapel of his jacket. In giving his own account of the matter, he says he did not feel much alarmed at first, and did not run; but when he got home, he sweat considerably.

Emigration from Germany.—Bremen, May 27.—The number of Germans assembled here for the purpose of emigrating to America, is much greater than at any former period. The authorities having made an inquiry as to the amount of those intending to embark, found it to be no fewer than 30,000 souls.

A Home Thrust.—The Southern Sun, published at Charleston, the native place of the author of *Gay Rivers*, says, "from the size of the volumes, we think the work must be rather heavy."

Assassination of Robert Potter Esq.—We learn from the Petersburg (Va.) Constellation, that a report reached that town on the evening of the 21st inst., that Robert Potter, esq., formerly a member of Congress from the Warren District, and lately a candidate to represent the county of Granville, in the House of Commons of North Carolina, was shot through the body and mortally wounded, a short time ago, by Spencer O'Brien, esq., one of the opposing candidates. Mr. Potter was under a heavy recognition to keep the peace, and is presumed had no means of self defence. He was a man of fine talents, and notwithstanding late unfortunate occurrences, shared the esteem and confidence of a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

THE HARVEST.—The hay harvest, which has already commenced, affords the most cheering prospects—on some meadows the crops of grass are unusually heavy, while in all there will be a full average product. There is one thing which we have observed, which is doubtless attributable to the frequent and plentiful rains, that instead of that brown appearance that usually marks "the stubble land at harvest home," the ground from which the crop is removed exhibits a beautiful green—a young and tender undergrowth of grass has sprung up, which, defying the keenest scythe, is left on the ground. The after-growth, from appearances, will be more than usually abundant, assuring us of a plentiful fall pasturage, which, from the present scarcity of good beef, no less than its dearness, is a thing to be greatly desired.

The grain crops look favorable, and the present dry weather will greatly assist it in filling and ripening—the greatest apprehension of danger to the grain has been, lest the unusual quantity of rains might, on low or flat lands, by retarding its filling and ripening, subject it to mildew or rust; we have now, however, a prospect of warm settled weather, similar to what we have had for several days past; which is no less favorable to the object of bringing the crops to perfection, than cutting and securing them. [Detroit Jour.]

THE STEAMBOAT PIONEER LOST.—The Steamboat Pioneer was wrecked on Wednesday, the 9th instant, in a very severe blow, on the bar at the mouth of the St. Joseph river, where she was lying at anchor when the blow commenced. She had just taken her passengers on board, none of whom were lost, all having been rescued by the gallant efforts of Capt. Dingley, of the Marengo, and his gallant crew, to whom, the passengers, whom they saved, have expressed their gratitude in another column of this paper. [Chicago Dem., July 16.]

THE MORMONS.—A particular account of the last Mormon campaign in Missouri, is given in the Western papers. The belligerents seem to have been mutually exasperated, and to have approached very near to a general and bloody battle. The numbers engaged in the contest on both sides are much larger than we had supposed, before seeing these authentic details. The Mormons assembled late in June in Clay county, (Mo.) and were reinforced by parties principally from Ohio, until they mustered from 800 to 1000 men, armed with "guns, tomahawks, knives, and from one to four braces of pistols each." Their design was to pass the river and take possession of Jackson county—the "Zion," as they term it, of their faith. Their leader, the prophet Jo Smith, promised them to "raise" again all who should be slain in fighting the battles for the possession of this Holy Land. The Jackson county people were equally determined to resist the passage of the river, at all hazards. A letter from a person on the spot, published Maysville, Ky., says that Jackson county raised 900, and Lafayette 400, and that several hundred more were ready to come at a moment's warning. The feeling of the people may be conjectured from the expression of opinion in the letters quoted, that had the Mormons attempted to cross the river, not one of them would have been "left to tell the tale." No quarter would have been given, and we could have killed most of them before they got across the river." There were some attempts at negotiation. The Jackson county people offered to buy all the lands of the Mormons at a double price—which was refused. The invaders professed peaceable intentions, and a desire only to take quiet possession of their own lands—professions which appear to have got no credit. In the end, however, they desisted from the enterprise, and postponed the crusade for the possession of their "Zion," for fifty or a hundred years. They will take up their intermediate residence somewhere else; and thus the battle, which must have been obstinate and very bloody, was avoided. It is to be hoped, for ordinary justice, that means will be found, for making compensation to those injured men for the property they are forced to abandon, as well as for the damages they have sustained by being driven out.

Progress of the Cholera.—The Wheeling Times, of Saturday last, gives the names of several deaths within the previous ten days, among which were several of cholera morbus, and three of cholera. Two or three days preceding Saturday, no new cases had occurred, and there was no apprehension of the disorder proving an epidemic.

In Kentucky.—The Nashville Republican says, several persons have fallen victims to this disease at Mills Point, and a fatal case had occurred at the mouth of Sandy River, thirteen miles from Paris. A gentleman of Hopkinsville, writes to his correspondent under date of July 6: "I have just heard alarming news from Princeton. The cholera is raging there, and the teacher of the Female Institute fell yesterday in the street, and died in a few hours. There were four deaths yesterday." A gentleman direct from Princeton, states the whole number of deaths to be eight or ten, and only one case remained.

In Ohio.—A letter from Cincinnati, dated July 12, says: The cholera and other diseases prevail in this city but to what extent I am unable to say, as I have just arrived here from Butler county, twenty five miles from this place, where the cholera is raging to an alarming extent. A Baptist clergyman upon whom I attended, was the second one attacked in the neighborhood, he has recovered, the physician of the place fell a victim to the disease. Some survive but six hours after the first attack.

Memorial.—The Herald of Monday morning says, we have much pleasure in stating that we have made every inquiry on the subjects of reports to which the Gazette alludes, and the result is thorough confirmation of the remarkable healthiness of the season; the deaths up to this day not having averaged the mortality of other seasons.

SUMMARY.

The Rev. John Habet, lately of Germantown, Pa. on his return home from Cincinnati, was lost overboard by a steamboat on the 4th inst. about one day's run from Cincinnati, and before assistance could be rendered, was drowned.

The Hagerstown Torch Light says, the farmers of Washington county are now busily engaged with the harvest, and that the wheat and rye crops in that region are abundant. The oats and corn also promise to be uncommonly good.

We understand (says the Boston Mercantile Journal) that the wife of the Rev. Mr. Storrs of Braintree, committed suicide this morning by hanging. No particular cause is assigned for the act—but it is supposed that she was laboring under mental derangement at the time.

Accounts via Norfolk, state that Madeira capitulated to the naval forces of Don Pedro on the 5th of June, after a blockade of ten days. A new Governor was daily expected.

It is not apprehended that there will be an entire failure of the Irish potato crop.

An appropriation of 120,000 was made at the last Session of Congress for the erection of a bridge across the Potomac at Washington, with a draw of 60 feet at the Southern, channel, and 23 at the Northern.

The novel of Miriam Coffin is said to be written by Morris Mattson, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. John Mackbee, of Anne Arundel county, whilst on a visit to an acquaintance in Prince George's county, Maryland, and sitting in his room by his side, was instantly killed by a flash of lightning on the 5th.

Fredrick Rapp, pretty extensively known in the Western Country as the founder of a sort of Robert Owen community, at Economy, Pa., died at that place a few days since.

We are informed that a gentleman is now in this city, from Maine, who expresses a willingness to give to ten of the Polish emigrants, who have recently arrived in this country, one hundred acres of good land each, if they will settle upon, and improve it, by their own industry. Particulars may be learned on inquiry at St. State street.

Dennis Collins, the old sailor who was transported to Van Diemen's Land for throwing a stone at the king, when at Ascot Heath Races, two or three years ago, died at Port Arthur on the 1st of November last, "in consequence (it is said) of his fixed determination, to refuse all necessary nourishment, although the best diet that the settlement could afford, was daily offered to him."

LITERARY INQUIRER,

And Repertory of Literature, Science & General Intelligence.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1834.

[J] The editor of the Literary Inquirer gratefully announces the encouraging fact, that since the publication of the first number of the new volume, upwards of fifty names have been added to the list of subscribers. We take this opportunity of stating, that we have purchased a new font of Nonpareil, in which small and very beautiful type we shall hereafter print the General Intelligence. By this arrangement, which the unprecedented increase in the number of our subscribers induces us to make, our readers will have an addition of nearly two columns in quantity of the most important news.

DAILY PAPERS.—In our last impression we announced the commencement, by E. J. Roberts, esq., of the "Buffalo Daily Advertiser," printed on a sheet of the same size as most of our weekly papers. We have now to record the regular issue of a number of *Penny Dailies*, or, as one of our contemporaries has humorously designated them, "Small Lights," with which, in the language of the Bulletin, "our brethren of the craft are boring the public most unmercifully." First in the wake of the Daily Advertiser came the *Western Star*, a neat little thing issued from the Bulletin Office; then followed very naturally the *Rising Sun* from the Republican Office; this was succeeded by the *Daily News* from the Whig Office. The above are all morning papers, and, with the exception of the *Western Star*, devoted chiefly to party politics. They are all respectably conducted, and, it is said, efficiently supported. Thinking, however, that an evening journal containing a summary of the latest news and other matter suitable for family reading, was still a desideratum, on Monday last we circulated the following proposals for issuing such a paper from this office: "the creature of a day;" we shall continue its publication even though it should at first prove an unprofitable concern; and we will endeavor to make it worthy of that extensive patronage which we trust it will be ultimately favored. Although its dimensions may not exceed that of "a bit of chalk," or "a sheet of tin," yet by occupying its surface chiefly with small type, and by excluding all advertisements but such as are paid for, we hope to furnish in the *Inquirer* as much reading matter as is contained in many of the "mammoth dailies." Copies of the paper will be left for sale at the Book Store of J. C. Meeks, No. 6 Kremlin Buildings.

DAILY EVENING PAPER.—On Friday next, August 1st, will be published the First Number of the "Buffalo Daily Inquirer," to be issued every evening from the office of the Literary Inquirer, 177 Main street, Buffalo.

In addition to a selection of Choice Literary Articles, from American and Foreign Periodicals, this journal will contain a Compendium of the Latest News—Domestic and Foreign, taken every evening from the New-York and other Daily Papers. It will also occasionally contain articles of a scientific and miscellaneous nature. It will be neatly printed on a sheet of the same size as the other Penny Dailies, and will be furnished in single numbers at a Cent apiece, or to City Subscribers who have it left at their doors, and Country Subscribers who have it sent by mail, at Three Dollars per annum in advance. The yearly numbers will form two volumes of upwards of six hundred large octavo pages, each of which will be furnished with a handsome title page and general index.

Approved Advertisements will be inserted at the usual rates. As two copies will be printed on one sheet, two subscribers in the country may join and have it sent to one address, by which means the postage will be reduced one half. The year's subscription must be invariably paid in advance by those who have the paper sent by mail or left at their residences. All letters must come free of postage, and be addressed to

W. VERRINDER,
Proprietor.
Buffalo, July 29, 1834.

THE WEST.—The Daily Advertiser, of Friday, contains a valuable communication from Sheldon Smith, esq. of this city, who has just returned from an excursion of pleasure to the Upper Lakes. On our third page will be found the entire article, with the exception of one or two sentences, which are unsuitable for this journal. We are happy to learn, from Mr. Smith's interesting and graphic letter, that the pioneers of the West are so enterprising and prosperous.

[J] The splendid steamboat, North America, under the command of Capt. G. Appleby, has been taken into the regular line of boats plying between this port and Detroit.

[J] The friends of the Rev. C. G. Finney, pastor of the Chatham-street church, New York, will be glad to hear that he has returned from his voyage to Messina, with improved health and vigor.

[J] The Daily Advertiser states that the Mayor of Toronto will start a new daily paper here in a short time. As he is editorially *fanculus officio* in Canada, he is determined to justify himself on American ground.

[J] The First Number of the Buffalo Daily Inquirer, to be published on Friday evening next, will contain an interesting original Tale, the scene and principal incidents of which are laid in this city. The writer, who intended it for this paper, will, we doubt not, readily excuse our giving it an insertion first in the little Daily.

A man named Jacob Wickliffe was killed at Baltimore by being kicked behind the ear by Albert Horner, with such force as to separate the jugular vein, when he died in a few moments.

The U. S. troops stationed at Fort Smith, have been removed to Swallow Rock, 15 or 16 miles higher up the Arkansas, where a new post is about to be established, called Fort Coffee.

A new mode of placing buttons on coats has been discovered in Europe, by which the button is rendered durable as the garment without sewing. The plan is by rivetting the button to the cloth.

A dinner was given at Fort Gibson on the 12th June, to Col. Arbuckle, who was about to quit the station from ill health, on furlough, by the officers of the garrison.

A service of embossed gold plate, to be sent to New-York for an opulent American Merchant, was the chief object exhibited this year in the exposition at Paris.

Mr. Jeremiah Newell, of Newport, N. H. has a sheep which has brought him within the last three years, eleven lambs; the first Spring she brought four, the second three, and last Spring four; all of the latter followed the dam from the pasture to the house, strong and lively. The sheep, however, has reared but two each year.

The Hon. Charles Stedman, member of Congress from Illinois, died, within eight miles of his own residence, on his return from Washington City.

A volume has been published at Baltimore, being a "History of the American Revolution," by the editor of the Baltimore American, who takes a preliminary view of the character and principles of the colonists, and their controversy with the mother country.

The Churchman's Almanac for 1835, has already made its appearance. Its exterior is embellished by the Apostle's creed, set up in small type in the form of the cross. It contains brief biographical notices—many sententious moral apophthegms—with missionary and other information.

It was glad to perceive by the Boston papers that old Harvard exhibits no symptoms of going down, notwithstanding the untowardness of recent events. Fifty-five students for the Freshman Class were offered in one morning, being a larger number than has entered for some years.

As some workmen were engaged yesterday in pulling down an old house and removing the rubbish in Pine street, they discovered, just beneath the surface of the earth, a mahogany coffin, containing an infant child, but in such a state of decomposition that it was impossible to ascertain its sex. (N. Y. Trans.)

Two men from Buncombe county, N. C. were arrested and committed to prison in Augusta, Geo. a few days since, for passing pewter half dollar pieces for silver. Other persons were in their company, who made their escape.

The young men of Newark (N. J.) have formed a society for the purpose of "rendering friendly aid to young men coming from other places to reside in Newark." The idea is new, and laudable.

Hogg, in his Lay Sermons, last published, recommends old bachelors of 45 to marry as soon as they can, and by no means to protract the business beyond 60 or perhaps 70.

The Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, of Milledgeville, (Geo.) committed suicide on the 4th inst. in a fit of insanity, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol.

Edward H. Courtney, of the West Point Academy has been appointed Professor of Mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania.

Thomas C. Powell, keeper of the Eagle Hotel, at Richmond, absconded, after having committed forgery on his father, brother, and two or three other individuals.—Another person of the same place, has been apprehended, charged with a like offence.

The iron steamboat intended to ply as a regular trader on the Savannah river, between Savannah and Augusta, the first iron steamboat ever used in this country, has been launched at Savannah. She draws two feet four inches without boilers. She has been called the John Randolph. The projector of this novel enterprise is Mr. G. B. Lamar. The boat we believe is of British construction, and as an experiment was allowed to be imported either free of duty, or at a reduced duty, we do not recollect which. (N. Y. Daily Adv.)

By an arrangement recently made between the two Post Masters General of England and France, French papers will be permitted to circulate through this country free of postage, as will English papers throughout France. French papers coming to England will be subject in France to a postage of two pence sterling, as a counterpoise to the duty of four pence, now paid on English newspapers. (English paper.)

An Irishman taken up at Lowell, Mass. for stealing a watch, jumped from a three story window to the pavement below, and made his escape by running, having sustained no damage by his leap.

A schooner, containing two men and two women, was overtaken in the Delaware on Monday, and all drowned. The boat was lying alongside the ship Macedonia, recently from Ireland, and one of the passengers, in the act of getting on board, stepped upon the side of the boat and capsized it.

Three individuals were lately in pursuit of a runaway Negro in the neighborhood of Fayetteville, N. C., when one of them stumbled over a log, and in the act of falling his gun went off accidentally and discharged its contents into the neck of the negro, who was instantly killed. The verdict of the coroner's inquest was in accordance with the facts.

A man named Benson, of Pendleton, S. C. lately killed one of his own negroes. The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of murder. He has fled, but it is to be hoped will be overtaken and made to expiate his crime.

The free-hearted and open-handed Nantucketers have recently made up the handsome purse of six hundred dollars for the benefit of the Institution of the Blind at Boston.

Mr. Webster is prevented, by imperative pre-engagements, accepting the invitation of the Young Men of Boston to pronounce the Eulogy on Lafayette, and the Hon. Edward Everett has acceded to the request of the Committee to be the Orator.

We regret to learn that the late Convention for amending the Constitution in Tennessee have done nothing to remedy the evil of slavery. The papers inform us that much was said, but alas, for the poor slaves, their rights were trampled once more in the dust. (N. Y. Moral Lyceum.)

The dry goods store of Mr. Felix Mezure, at Montreal, was destroyed by fire on the 18th inst.

Mr. Uriah Burgess, who was severely injured by the discharge of a cannon, at the firing of the morning salute, on the 4th of July, died on Monday last. (Erie Gaz.)

A vendor of lottery tickets against the statutes of the state, has been sentenced to three months imprisonment in the common jail. The Mayor has signified his intention of rigorously enforcing the law against all offenders of the same class. (Eve. Star.)

Dr. Sherman McLean has been appointed Post Master at Royalton, Niagara co. in place of Mr. Abner Tuttle, resigned.

The Sheldon Thompson left Buffalo on Saturday, for Green Bay, with 100 U. S. Troops, Capt. Monroe, commandant.

A subscription of one dollar each person is recommended in Boston for a monument to Lafayette, to be placed in the Mount Auburn cemetery—the cost to be \$2500.

The cholera has again made its appearance at Montreal. An extract of a letter published in the Evening Post, states that on the 15th, six or seven emigrants died at La Chine, and a postscript dated at 11 o'clock on the night of the 16th, states that ten cases had terminated fatally since noon of that day.

The Norfolk Beacon states that the U. S. schr. Enterprise, Lt. Com. Campbell, bound for the coast of Brazil, went to sea from Hampton Roads on Thursday morning.

Felix Murray, of Philadelphia, will be executed on the 13th of the coming month. His death warrant having been received.

On Wednesday morning last, the point of some sharp instrument resembling that of a needle, was observed, by Mr. Wm. Johnson of this town, protruding from the breast of one of his children, about 14 months old. He applied a pair of pliers to it, and by the exertion of considerable force, pulled out a needle of nearly two inches in length. The child had complained of much pain for three or four weeks past, the result no doubt of the movement of the needle from the throat or stomach towards the point at which it was discovered—having, in all probability, been swallowed but a few weeks previous. (Hagerstown Torchlight.)

An Irishman went into a cooper's shop, and asked the master of the shop if he would be so kind as to give him an empty barrel of flour, to make his pig a sea cow.

A modern critic, praising the ingenuity of a painter in contriving to enlarge into three volumes materials only adequate for one, adds, "a cook who could manage to spread, in the same manner, would be an invaluable acquisition to a boarding school."

The procession in Philadelphia on Monday in commemoration of the death of Lafayette though highly respectable, appears to have fallen short of the expectation of those who were active in getting it up. The military is said to have looked exceedingly well, but was less numerous than was anticipated. The Municipal and other civic bodies, the society of the Cincinnati, Foreign Ministers, the Clergy, the different trades with their different banners thronged in the columns of marching, were out in considerable numbers, and made on the whole an imposing display. But the Firemen were most numerous, and the Inquirer remarks that but for the great strength in which that spirited corps turned out, "the civic portion of the procession we fear, would have been considered a failure." (N. Y. Cour. & Ekq.)

The steamboat Planter, while descending the Ohio, on the morning of the 7th inst. was struck by the steamboat Arkansas, and immediately sank in about six feet water. The Planter was heavily laden with a valuable cargo of hugging and bale rope. The accident occurred five miles above Bradensburg.

The citizens of Camden, S. C. and those of Sumpter, in its neighborhood, have recently held meetings and adopted measures for the construction of a rail road from Camden to the Charleston and Augusta rail road. The citizens of Columbia are also taking active measures for the construction of a branch from that place.

Very serious injuries are said to have been suffered lately at Providence by floods and freshets. The streets have been inundated and cellars filled with water. Brooke street was nearly washed away. A dam was carried away at North Providence by which the Blackstone canal sustained considerable injury.

It is stated that a number of original poems of Burns, never before published, will appear in the forth coming edition of his works, by Allan Cunningham.

Mr. Poultney, President of the Bank of Maryland, at the time of its failure, is under indictment for alleged dishonesty in administering the concerns of that bank.

An Austrian ship of war, with Polish passengers, sailed from Gibraltar on the 4th of June for New-York.

The cholera has made its appearance in several places, and in several places on the Ohio river. Its existence at Cincinnati is confirmed, and a woman has died of it at Burlington, Vt.

The great error in vaccination is said to be the removing it from one subject to another. The original infection, or one remove, will, it seems, always be found a certain antidote to small pox; but after one remove, it is affirmed to be unsafe, and hence is brought into unmerited disrepute.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, agreed by a majority of 48 to give the heads of families in communion with the church, an unequalled veto on the nomination of a clergyman by the patron. This decision sets the question of church patronage in Scotland satisfactorily at rest.

Lord Egremont gave a real old English dinner at Peterworth, a short time ago, to 3,500 women and children of Peterworth, and the surrounding parishes.—There were 1,100 stone of beef and 500 puddings.

The silver medal of the French Academy of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce, was presented to Dr. Bowring, at the Hotel de Ville of Paris, by the Due de Montmorency.

Captain Ross found human beings living in latitude 77, just 13 degrees from the North Pole. The expedition, according to the evidence of the House of Commons, cost Mr. Sheriff Booth 17,000l, and Capt. Ross 3000l.

There has been lately imported into France, by a traveller of the name of Belangremer, a new fruit called Nafe d'Arabic. It would appear that this fruit possesses tranquilizing and soothing properties, and that its medicinal use may be regarded as of high importance.

The domain of Navarre, formerly the residence of the Dukes de Bouillon, afterwards the property of the Empress Josephine, and since of the Duke de Leuchtenberg, was sold at Auction, at Evreux, to the Marquis de Dauvet, for 1,375,000 francs.

A man named Thomas Smith was murdered on Monday night week, on board a canal boat in the Schuylkill near Philadelphia. Three men charged with the murder have been arrested.

Two boys, the sons of Mr. John Hedge, were drowned at Barnstable, Mass. on the 11th inst. They had left the boat on the flat and gone ashore to sell their fish—the tide in the mean time rose, and in attempting to wade back to her, they were both drowned.

We understand that about 6 o'clock last evening, the wharf between the two Charlestown bridges, and next to the one owned by Messrs. Leighton & Robbins, owing to some defect, fell in with a tremendous crash, and precipitated a great quantity of lumber and coal into the channel. The wharf, as we learn, was built last summer. Fears are entertained that some persons, who were seen on the wharf some time previous, are buried in the ruins. (Boston Courier.)

The Quebec Bank has loaned the Town Council \$2000 to be appropriated to the opening and support of the new Marine Hospital, at that place.

A Pennsylvania Young Men's State Convention is called to meet at Carlisle, on the first Tuesday of November next.

The Medical Gazette mentions that a case of hydrophobia at Bordeaux, was cured by copious bleeding and draughts of strong vinegar, which the patient, a female, it is said, swallowed, when the sight of water threw her into convulsions.

Among the foreign deaths, we notice in the papers, those of Sir R. Preston, baronet, of Scotland, at the age of 95 years. He died at Valleyfield, possessed of an estate worth a million sterling; also that of Mr. Edward Carnes, Jr. an eminent and highly valued merchant of London.

The O'Connell tribute of 1833 gives a sum total of 12,512l.

A second cemetery for the metropolis is now forming at Bayswater, near Kensington Gardens. It is to comprise 32 acres, to be beautifully laid out and planted, and to be ornamented with a chapel "like the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem." The cost is expected to be 31,000l.

Two thousand German Tailors have obtained employment as journeymen in the metropolis, in consequence of the strike of the natives of the same class.—Five hundred of the master tailors of London have signed a declaration, pledging themselves not to give employment to any journeymen who will not renounce, in writing, all connexion with the Union.

A French lady, pretending to be *en route*, was lately delivered by the female accouchers of London, not of an infant, but of 143 yards of lace, 6 lace veils, a pelere, 17 pieces of net, 13 scarfs, 6 reticules, 9 pairs of silk stockings, 2 pairs of silk gloves, 13 pairs of thread gloves, 6 collars, 2 remnants of foreign muslin, and 55 silk purses, worth 110l.

The military authorities at Maastricht have made a purchase of 70,000 pallsades in Belgium for the ramparts of that fortress.

The harvest throughout the country appears to be abundant. The Belvidere Apollo, published in the richest grain district in New Jersey, says the crops of wheat and rye in that vicinity were never better or more abundant. Corn is also unusually promising. (Newark Dai. Adv.)

Philip H. Remick, of South Boston, was shot at early on Tuesday morning, and the ball passed through his clothes. He says he did not feel much alarmed at first, and did not run, but "when he got home he went considerable." (N. Y. Sun.)

The Quebec Gazette of Wednesday last states that the weather for the previous eight days had been warmer than had been for many years—the thermometer had been during that period seldom lower than eighty degrees, and in four or five of those days, as high as 91 to 95 degrees in the shade. The heavy dews at night and the thunder showers had kept vegetation in the most rapid growth.—The fields of wheat, barley and oats present a most luxuriant appearance.

Robert Austin and Benj. Tutt were committed to prison at Augusta, Geo. on the 10th inst. on a charge of passing counterfeit half dollars. They are suspected to belong to a gang who manufacture the spurious coin. The coins bear the date of 1829, and are said to be well calculated to deceive. The public should be upon the look out.

The Danbury Gazette, of the 29th ult. says, that a young man was arrested in the lower part of Fairfield county, on the charge of poisoning his wife. The young man, says the Gazette, has acknowledged his guilt, and assigned as a reason, that they could not live together on terms of peace and friendship. They had been married only about six months.

Married.—In Jamestown, Chautauque co. 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Leonard, Hon. Abner Hazeltine to Miss Mitilda Hayward, both of that place. In Springfield, on the 20th inst. by Wells Brooks, Esq. Capt. John R. Brady, to Miss Mary Ann Smith, both of Hamburg.

Died.—In this city, on the 24th inst. at the residence of his son Jacob A. Barker, the Hon. Zenas Barker, aged 60. He was a soldier of the revolution—one of the first settlers of Buffalo—has held the office of Judge of the County Court, and Clerk of the County, and died deservedly respected by a numerous acquaintance.

In Amherst, on the 29th inst. Frederick Dohpking, aged 64. Drowned, on the 17th inst. by the sinking of the schr. Lady of the Lake, near Gravelly Bay, U. C. William Barker, son of Z. W. Barker, Esq. of this city.

POETRY.

A TALE OF LOVE.—To

"Alas! that love should be a blight and snare.—*Shelley.*

How ready is the youthful heart to love:
I knew a maiden once, to whom there came,
Even in her very childhood, a fair boy,
With curling locks, and a bright laughing eye,
And told his tale of love. The maid was then
In the first flush of girlhood—beautiful,
Beyond my brightest dream. Her hazel eye,
Bright with the glories of the mind within,
Told what a depth of passion slumbered there,
And the thick tresses of her auburn hair,
"Of the bright color of the light of day,"
Were shaded like the clouds that hang above
A summer sunset. Oh! it was not strange,
That that bright boy should give his soul to her.

The girl returned his love. Yet not as one
To whom it comes unbidden—like a dream,
Her spirit was a fountain of deep love,
And when he came, and with his gentle words,
That fell upon the blushing maiden's ear,
Like a strange tone of music, told her all
The depth of his unutterable love,
She listened till the fountain in her heart,
Of deep affection, overflow'd for him.

And thus they lived together, like two birds,
Who, in the springtime, meet in some lone wood,
And love unconsciously. The maiden grew
To womanhood, and many a proud form knelt
Before her, yet she heeded not their vows,
Until at length, one evening in sweet May,
There came a youth, whose name I may not speak,
And talked with her of love and chivalry,
And of the glorious days of old romance—
Of lovely maidens, and of belted knights,
Of brief hours, and then went on his way.

He came again. The beauty of her eye,
From the first moment that he gazed on her,
Left not his soul. That night he could not sleep,
He was so haunted by her beauty. Yet
He had no dreams of love. His only thought
Was of the light which flashed upon his soul,
The unspeakable beauty of her starlike eye.
So grew his love, and yet he did not know
The spell which bound his spirit, till one day,
She told him that her heart was not her own.
And yet she loved him; but her faith was given
To that fair boy, who now had grown a man,
And she was true to him. The hopeless youth
Lingered around her pathway; all in vain;
For when the maiden felt within her heart
A something that she feared might end in love,
With a mild voice she bade the youth farewell,
And yet he lingered, and she chid him not;
And with the burning eloquence of love,
He told her what a fire was at his heart,
Till she could hear no more; and once again,
With a full, bursting heart, and swimming eye,
She bade him go.

They parted. He returned to the sweet books,
Which were his world before this dream of love;
And in the wisdom of the olden time,
And the wild visions of the ancient bards,
His spirit was absorbed. In vain he strove
Her beauty to forget. She came by night,
And gazed upon him with that soft, dark eye,
As at the first, until his love returned,
With a new strength, that never might depart.
The idol of his worship, and he knelt
Daily to her, although she might not hear.
Yet did he mourn not. In his pride he bore
The bitter agony of hopeless love,
With a stern patience that belied his soul.

And where was she? Far, far away from him:
And in the faithfulness of her first love
Her heart was happy. Yet there sometimes came
A shade of sorrow o'er her fair, white brow,
When she remembered his unchanging love,
And the deep sadness of his last farewell.

The maid became a bride, and he, whose soul
Had bowed in love to her, was far away—
A wanderer on a wild and desert shore,
Forgotten of the world, and desolate.

(No. Amer. Mag.)

BYRON'S LAST WORDS.

By D. Martin.

Summer was in its glory. Night came down,
With a light step upon the virent earth.
Sepulchral silence reigned on every side,
And the winds, those heralds of storm,
Which curl the billows on old ocean's brow,
In their low breathings were inaudible:
When a gifted son of Genius sought his home,
And threw himself upon a lowly couch,
And as his being's star went slowly down,
He thus communed in a low and faltering tone:

Oh! it is hard to die!
To leave this world of amaranthine green,
Whose glittering pageantry and flowery sheen,
Vie with the glorious sky!

But alas! the hand of Death
Has laid its icy grasp upon me now,
The cold sweat rests upon my feverish brow,
And shorter grows my breath!

Well be it so!
And I will pass away like light at even,
Unto the Hour's amethystine heaven,
Where all immortal go!

Yet I have drank,
Unto its very dregs the cup of Fame,
And won myself a green, undying name,
In glory's rank!

And yet! oh yet,
Break but one seal for me unbroken!
Speak but one word for me unspoken!
Before my sun is set!

Oh! for one drop,
Of the black waters of that stream sublime,
Which follows in the stormy tracks of Time
This breast to stomp!

It may not be!
Yet I would pray that Memory might rest,
Like the fading beauty of the sunlit west,
In Oblivion's seat!

Thus did he commune—and when the god of day
Rose like a monarch from his sapphire throne,
His spirit had passed away like morning mist,
And winged its way unto that far-off land,
Where burns forever Eternity's bright star!

MISCELLANY.

The Wise Women of the Mungret.—About two miles west of the city of Limerick is an inconsiderable ruin, called Mungret. This ruin is all the remains of a monastic establishment, said to have contained within its walls six churches, and exclusive of scholars, one thousand five hundred monks. Of these monks, five hundred were learned preachers; five hundred more were so classed and divided as to support a full choir day and night, and the remaining five hundred, being the elder of the brotherhood devoted themselves to religious and charitable works. An anecdote is related of this priory which is worth preserving, because it gave rise to a proverbial expression, retained in the country to the present day, "as wise as the women of Mungret." A deputation was sent from the college at Cashel to this famous seminary at Mungret, in order to try their skill in the languages. The heads of the house of Mungret were somewhat alarmed, lest their scholars should receive a defeat, and their reputation be lessened; they therefore thought of a most humorous expedient to prevent the contest, which succeeded to their wishes. They habited some of their young students like women, and some of the monks like peasants, in which dresses they walked a few miles to meet the strangers at some distance from each other. When the Cashel professors approached and asked any question about the distance of Mungret, or the time of day, they were constantly answered in Greek or Latin; which occasioned them to hold a conference, and determine not to expose themselves at a place where even the women and peasants could speak Greek and Latin. [Thom's Legends.

Sincerity Rewarded.—Hegiago was a celebrated Arabian warrior, but ferocious and cruel. Among a number of prisoners whom he had condemned to death, was one, who having obtained a moment's audience, said, "You ought, Sir, to pardon me, because one day, when Abdarrahan was cursing you, I represented to him that he was wrong, and ever since that time I have lost his friendship." Hegiago asked him if he had any witness of his having done this, and the soldier mentioned another prisoner, who was likewise about to suffer death. The prisoner was called and interrogated, and having confirmed the fact, Hegiago granted the first his pardon. He then asked the witness, "If he had likewise taken his part against Abdarrahan?" But he, still respecting truth, answered, "that he had not, because he believed it was not his duty so to do." Hegiago, notwithstanding his ferocity, was struck with the prisoner's greatness of spirit. "Well," said he, after a moment's pause, "suppose I were to grant you your life and liberty, should you still be my enemy?" "No," said the prisoner; "That's enough," said Hegiago, "your bare word is sufficient, you have given undoubted proof of your love for truth. Go, preserve that life that is less dear to you than honor and sincerity: your liberty is the just reward of your virtue."

Fatal Affray.—The Norfolk Beacon of Friday, furnishes the particulars of a fatal affray in Hampton, Virginia, between Major John B. Cooper, and Mr. Thomas B. Allen, which is said to have grown out of affairs connected with the Hampton Academy. Mr. Allen came into Hampton on Wednesday from his residence in York county, with his wife and children, and stopped at the house of Mr. Collier, with the design of taking a trip to the Capes in the steamboat Old Dominion, which was going on a party of pleasure, but business prevented, and he remained there. Shortly after dinner, Mr. Allen walked up the street, taking his two little sons with him, and leaving Mrs. A. in the porch. He had proceeded about 100 yards, when he met Major Cooper, and his son, Mr. George W. Cooper. An altercation took place, and harsh language was interchanged between the parties, and it is said blows passed between them. Two gentlemen who were near the scene, state that they saw Major C. draw a pistol and level it at the breast of Mr. Allen. The sight of the pistol so terrified the two children of Mr. Allen, that they fled, crying "oh! he is going to shoot father!" In a moment more the report of the pistol announced the fell purpose, and immediately Major C. raised a heavy stick and struck the deceased several powerful blows, which felled him to the earth, never to rise again!

A Batch of Kings for America.—Information has reached London from Buenos Ayres, of certain official disclosures at the latter place, indicating the existence of an European intrigue to subject the South American republics to kingly government in the persons of Don Carlos of Spain and other branches of Peninsular royalty. A secret sitting of the House of Representatives was held at Buenos Ayres in February, at the request of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. We quote the following:

"It is stated that at this sitting a detail was rendered (received by the last packet from Europe) of a plan which is in agitation to provide monarchs for the South American Republics; that a conference for this purpose had been lately held in Paris, at which the ministers of the absolute sovereigns, and various South American agents, including Senor Bernardino Rivadavia, assisted. The latter assertion seems to us as most improbable. Senor Rivadavia must be too well acquainted with his own country for a moment to countenance such an absurd proceeding."

Singular Spirit of Revenge in a Spider.—On Saturday last, says the Gloucester Telegraph, a compositor in our office heard that peculiar noise made by a fly when attacked by a spider, proceeding from a web on the opposite side of the room. He proceeded to the spot, liberated the fly, and returned to his case. Some time after, he felt a severe bite upon his neck, and upon looking for the cause, perceived the identical spider from which he had taken the fly, making its way off with all possible haste, and notwithstanding the efforts made to catch it, it eventually, by means of thread which it had attached to his dress previous to making his attack, escaped. The place bitten swelled to the extent of half an inch in diameter, but had entirely disappeared on Monday. It is almost impossible to conceive of a spider's watching a person, descending from its high elevation, crossing the floor, and actually attacking him with intent to kill, but nevertheless is absolutely true, and we have no doubt the little fellow retreated, exulting in the success of the "experiment." We will only add that it must have had a most horrid temper.

ALBERTO LORENNO.—A VENETIAN TALE.

It was the feast of Ascension at Venice. Gaily dressed crowds were hastening to the Cathedral of San Nicolo, to witness the imposing ceremonies of the Romish church, on this solemn occasion. The day had broken auspiciously. The sun shone brightly in the unclouded sky, and the tall towers of the churches and palaces glittered, and the green waters of the Adriatic glauced in its blaze. The seats and aisles of the building were crowded to excess. On an elevated seat sat the Doge, clad in the rich vestments of his office, and surrounded by a glittering throng of nobles and prelates. The lofty arches of the building echoed the peals of the deep-toned organ, and the exquisite music of an Italian choir, held the listeners entranced. The reading of the mass was ended, and the assembly left the church to see the ceremony closed, by the figurative nuptials of the Adriatic.

The Bucentaur—glittering with gold, and bearing on its deck the Doge and his train, sailed slowly toward the harbor. The blazoned banner of St. Mark floated proudly from its peak. Patriotic pride and Ecclesiastical pomp rendered the pageant one of imposing splendor. The shore of Lido was soon gained, and amid the shouts of the people and loud strains of music, the Doge dropped his golden ring into the deep sea, and espoused her as his bride.

Among the many gondolas, which were present on this occasion, was one containing the Spanish Ambassador and his family. Close by its side floated another bearing a young Venetian, the richness of whose attire showed that he belonged to the rank of nobles. Leaning over the side of his light barque, he had held conversation with a dark-eyed daughter of Spair.

"What care I for honors, fair Maria, if I must part with you to enjoy them! The cup of pleasure would lose its rich sparkle and delicious flavor, if I sipped it alone. No! I will leave rank and wealth, and fly with you from the reach of Venetian despots; and we will dwell in a little world of our own, amid the olive groves of your native land."

"Think Alberto of the rank you hold, and the rich garland of fame, that you may yet gather in the service of your country. Will you relinquish all these, violate the laws of the land, and risk the revenge of the dark and secret tribunal that governs your state?"

"Yes! I will willingly leave all, for you; and I little fear that the poisoned chalice and stiletto of the Inquisitors will reach me in Spain."

"Hush! we are watched," whispered Maria, as she pointed to a man in a neighboring gondola. The color faded from the cheeks of the young noble, when he turned and recognized the features of a man, who was believed to be an emissary of the Council of Ten. A malicious smile curled the lips of the intruder, as he gazed for a moment longer upon the lovers; then bidding his gondolier move on, he was soon lost among the throng of boats, that floated on the Adriatic. Albert pressed the hand of his betrothed, and bidding her not to fear for his safety took his place in the procession. The ceremony was finished, and the pageant returned to the city.

Night had gathered over the city of Venice, and the silence of its streets was seldom broken by step or voice. As the clock of the cathedral struck the hour of twelve, a closed carriage stopped before the entrance of the council hall of the Ten. Three men immediately alighted and entered the building. Threading their way through several narrow passages, they came to a large hall, apparently in the palace. The hangings and furniture of the room were black. Three men, attired in black robes and masked, occupied the judicial seat. Several armed attendants were placed at the different doors of the hall, to prevent the escape of prisoners. Instruments of torture hung upon the walls or were scattered around the floor. The wheel, the iron boot and the rack stood frightfully conspicuous. Every thing plainly showed, that it was the chamber of the Inquisition. The dim light of the waxen tapers, as it struck upon the persons who entered, revealed the features of the young noble, that was present at the late ceremony. He gazed upon the judges and their attendants, and his countenance assumed a look of fierce despair, as he awoke to the inevitability of his fate. The chief inquisitor beckoned to one of the attendants, who, coming forward, accused the prisoner of treason against the government. He repeated the last remarks, that the young Venetian had made to the daughter of the Spanish Ambassador, and dwelt particularly upon the reproachful manner, in which he had spoken of the council. A significant look passed between the judges. The head of the tribunal arose, and bidding the prisoner to draw near, said—"Alberto Lorenno, thou must die!" The sentence broke with an awful reality upon Alberto. He burst from the grasp of his attendants, reeled forward a few steps, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless upon the floor.

The morning after the feast of Ascension exhibited an unusual scene for the city of Venice. The Broglio, so famed as the chief resort of the Venetian nobility, was nearly deserted. The citizens were either conversing together in small groups on the public corners, or were hurrying along walks, that led to the Piazza di San Marco. Rumor had told that a young noble had been convicted of treason, and was to expiate his guilt upon the scaffold. Armed soldiers were stationed around the Red Columns, to preserve order among the people.

As the hour for the execution drew near, the scene of the campanile commenced tolling, and the prisoner, surrounded by guards, ascended the stage. Calm and collected, Alberto Lorenno prepared to receive the last rites of the church, and the priest knelt by his side to hear the confession and to speak words of consolation and hope. Suddenly a murmur ran through the crowd. There was an opening made in the dark mass that thronged around, and a female, rushing through the crowd and the guards, ascended the scaffold. Her raven ringlets hung in wild disorder down her white neck, and her large black eye shone with fire-like brilliancy. Alberto drew his betrothed to his breast and motioned the priest to retire. "Tear her from him, shouted the officer to his men." Drawing a dagger from beneath his dress Alberto turned fiercely upon the advancing soldiery. "Back minions, he cried, 'and tell your masters, that Lorenno will never die the felon's death.' The foremost man fell by his dagger-stroke; but the soldiers uniting, rushed on, and the lover and the loved, clasped in the last embrace, sank beneath their spears. [Hartford Pearl.

Mental and Corporeal Suffering.—There is a very pretty Persian apologue on the difference between mental and corporeal suffering. A king and his minister were discussing the subject, and differed in opinion. The minister maintained the first to be most severe, and to convince his sovereign of it, he took a lamb, broke its leg, shut it up, and put food before it. He took another, shut it up with a tiger, which was bound by a strong chain, so that the beast could spring near but not seize the lamb, and put food also before him. In the morning he carried the king to see the effect of the experiment. The lamb with the broken leg had eaten up all the food placed before him; the other was found dead from fright.

Baron Hagel, the Austrian botanist, who lately visited the Nether Hills, in India, declares that the unknown varieties of trees and shrubs existing there alone exceed ten thousand. The wild rose runs up to the tops of the trees, and grows to the thickness of four or five inches. A delicious specimen of orange but not exceeding a filbert in size, is also found there. In the orange valley below Kotagerry, about 3500 feet above the level of the sea, numerous fruit trees are found, amongst which are the wild fig and lemon tree; the latter bearing fruit little inferior, in size and flavor, to that of Spain.

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